

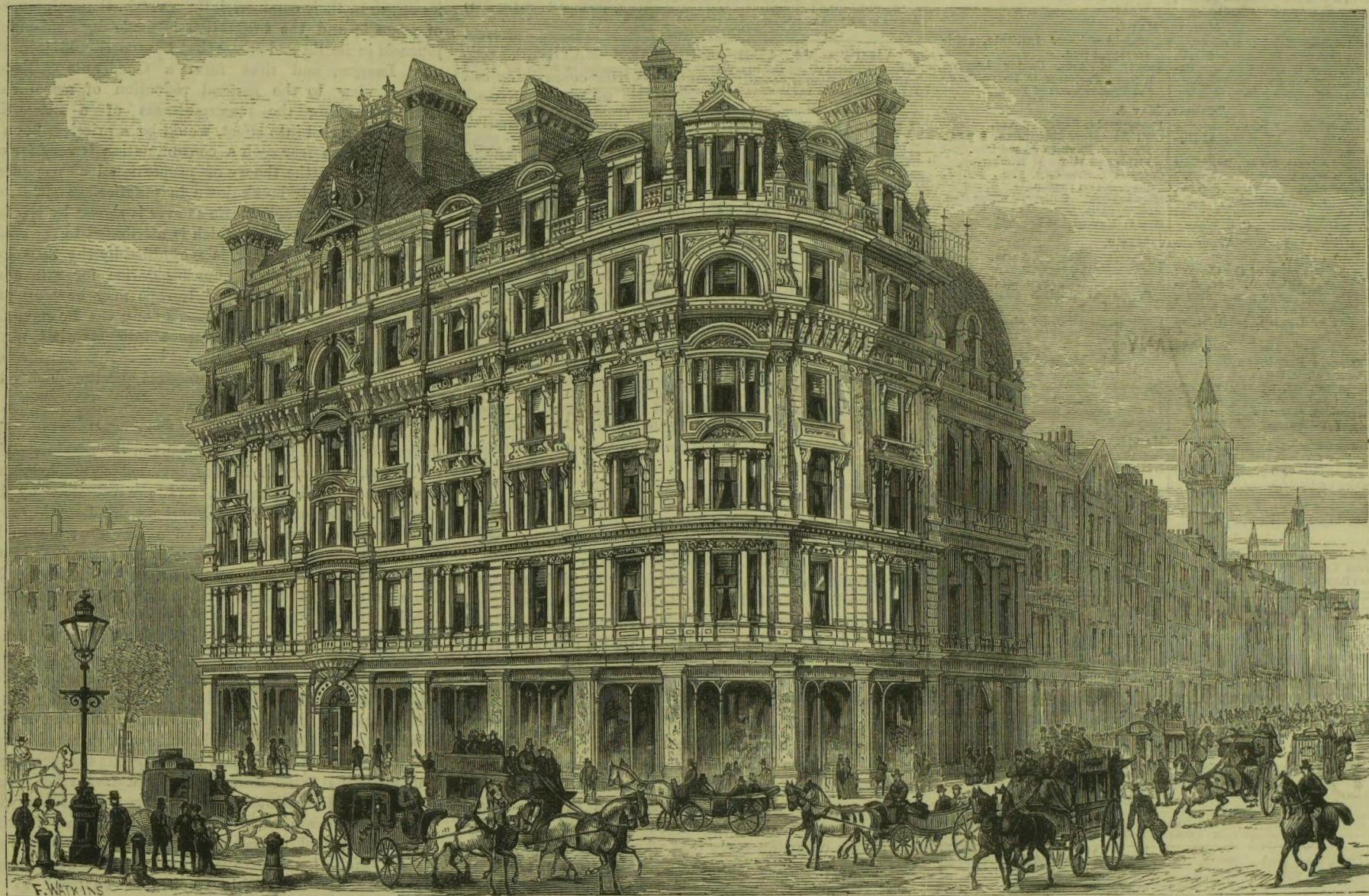
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2298.—VOL. LXXXII.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1883.

WITH  
TWO SUPPLEMENTS  
SIXPENCE.  
BY POST, 6*½*D.



THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB, CHARING-CROSS.



NATIVES OF YORK ISLAND, NEW GUINEA, IN A CANOE.

## BIRTH.

On the 24th ult., at St. Heliers, Jersey, the wife of G. A. Whitten (of Fiji), of a son.

## MARRIAGE.

On March 29, by the Rev. George Mooar, D.D., at the residence of the bride's parents, Marathon Park, Oakland, California, U.S., William George Pearce, to Eleanor Emily Geary, only daughter of J. F. Geary, M.D.

## DEATHS.

On the 8th ult., at West Brixton, Edward Charleton, in his 84th year. On the 8th ult., at Hartsholme Hall, Lincoln, Charlotte, widow of Lieut.-Colonel Ellison, of Boutham Hall, county Lincoln, and daughter of Sir George Chetwynd, second Baronet, of Grendon Hall, county Warwick.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 12.

## SUNDAY, MAY 6.

Sunday after Ascension. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m.; 3.15 p.m.; and 7 p.m. St. James's, noon, Rev. Canon Fleming. Whitehall, 11 a.m., Rev. Jacob Clements; 3 p.m., Dr. Thornton (Boyle Lecture IV.) Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Dr. Baker; 7 p.m., Rev. C. H. Middleton Wake.

## MONDAY, MAY 7.

Royal Academy Exhibition opens. Hibbert Lectures, St. George's Hall, 5 p.m., Rev. C. Beard on the Reformation; and on Wednesday. Victoria Institute, 8 p.m.

## TUESDAY, MAY 8.

Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor McKendrick on Physiological Discovery. Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m., Dr. Symes Thompson on Physic (four days). Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m., papers by Mr. F. Bonney, Lieut.-Colonel H. H. G. Austen, Admiral F. Tremlett, and Mr. C. S. Wake.

## WEDNESDAY, MAY 9.

Half-Quarter Day. Festival of the Sons of the Clergy: St. Paul's Cathedral, Rev. Prebendary Hall, 3.30 p.m.; dinner at Merchant Taylors' Hall, 6 p.m. University of London, presentation day, 2 p.m.

## THURSDAY, MAY 10.

The Queen's Drawingroom, Buckingham Palace, 3 p.m. Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Tyndall on Count Rumford. Royal Society, 4.30 p.m. Society of Antiquaries, 8.30 p.m.

## FRIDAY, MAY 11.

Easter Law Sittings end. Royal Institution, 8 p.m., Professor Huxley on Oysters. United Service Institution, 3 p.m. Astronomical Society, 8 p.m. New Shakespeare Society, 8 p.m.

## SATURDAY, MAY 12.

International Fisheries Exhibition, South Kensington, to be opened by the Prince of Wales.

**BRIGHTON.**—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, fortnightly, and monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**PARIS.**—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Weekday Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class). Night Service, Weekdays and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). From Victoria 7.30 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 3s., 2s., 1s.; Return, 5s., 3s., 1s. Powerful Paddle-Steiners with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

**TICKETS** and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Traflagar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.** TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1883.

**TOURIST TICKETS** will be Issued from MAY 1 to OCT. 31, 1883. For particulars see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company. Euston Station, London, 1883. G. FINDLAY, General Manager.

**ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.**—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful Route from England to Italy. EXCURSIONS to the celebrated RIGI (by the Mountain Railway from Arth Station of the St. Gotthard Railway), and the Alpine Passes of the Furka, Oberalp, and the valleys of the Tessin, Rhone, and Rhine. London to Lucerne, 24 hours; to Milan, 33 hours; Venice, 43 hours; Florence, 44 hours; Rome, 51 hours; Naples, 56 hours. SECOND-CLASS Carriages to the EXPRESS TRAINS in Switzerland. Carriages lighted with gas, and fitted with the Safety Continuous Brakes; Sleeping Cars; and excellent Buffets at the Swiss stations.

The Tunnel of St. Gotthard is traversed in Twenty-three Minutes with perfect safety, and free from inconvenience.

Tickets: Great Eastern, South-Eastern, London, Chatham, and Dover Railways.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.** Newly and Beautifully Decorated. The World-famed **MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.** EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, AT THREE AND EIGHT. ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY for a limited period.

In addition to the New and Magnificent Musical Entertainment of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, last week of the renowned PAUL MARTINETTI and his unrivaled Company of Artists will appear at

EVERY DAY AND NIGHT PERFORMANCE.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.**—Messrs. MOORE and BURGESS have much pleasure in announcing that they have entered into an engagement with the renowned PAUL MARTINETTI AND TROUPE.

for a limited number of Nights (last week), when the entire Second Part will be devoted to their MARVELLOUS AND MIRTH-PROVOKING PERFORMANCE; forming one of the most powerful and attractive Entertainments ever produced at this Hall.

ON WHIT MONDAY, MAY 14, AN ENTIRELY NEW AND MOST BRILLIANT PROGRAMME will be produced.

The great American DECEPTIONIST will also commence a brief Engagement on that day. Full details next week.

**MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN HALL.**—Every Entertainment until further notice Mr. MASKELYNE will perform the CABINET MYSTERIES of the celebrated DAVENPORT BROTHERS, clearly showing how the whole of the seemingly impossible feats are accomplished. For further particulars see daily papers.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.** ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. A new First Part, entitled A MOUNTAIN HEIRESS; and a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled OUR MESS. Morning Performances—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; Evenings—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees. Twice on Whit Monday, at Three and Eight.

**LYCEUM.**—Last Twenty-One Nights of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—Mr. Irving, in accordance with his promise to produce in succession each of the plays in which the Lyceum Company will appear in America, beg to announce the last night of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, and the last appearance of Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company previous to their absence of ten months from London. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING AT EIGHT o'clock. Benedick, Mr. Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. MORNING PERFORMANCES (last two). MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, SATURDAYS, MAY 19 and 26. On the EVENINGS OF MAY 12, 19, and 26 THE BELLS will be performed. Mathias, Mr. Irving. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open Ten to Five.

## THE TINWORTH EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN.

"Full of fire and zealous faculty, breaking its way through all conventionalism to such truth as it can conceive."—RUSKIN.

## THE TINWORTH EXHIBITION, ART GALLERIES, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W. Open from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s.

THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS by Artists of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS IS NOW OPEN AT THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission 1s., including Catalogue.

## INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS

## IN WATER COLOURS,

## PICCADILLY, W.

## THE SIXTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION NOW OPEN.

Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogues, 1s. H. F. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The NINETEEN-NINTH EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, 6, Pall-Mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s.; Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

## DRAWING-ROOM, EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

AN EXHIBITION OF A SELECTION OF AMERICAN WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS WILL OPEN ON WHIT MONDAY, MAY 14.

The Pictures for this Exhibition have been specially chosen from the studios of the Artists in America by Hamlet S. Philipot, M.A. (Oxon.). Admission, One Shilling.

## GAIETY.—MADAME REICHNER'S MATINÉE, next THURSDAY, at 2.30. PLOT AND PASSION, preceded by JOAN OF ARC'S FAREWELL (German Recital); concluding with THE CURSE SCENE from DEBORAH. Seats can be secured at Box-Office and Libraries. WM. MAITLAND, Manager.

MISS AMY SEDGWICK will give, under the patronage of H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE, DUCHESS and H.S.H. the DUKE of TECK, at the TOWNHALL, KENSINGTON, on THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, 10th inst., a GRAND DRAMATIC RECITAL, as given before her Majesty the Queen at Osborne on Jan. 11 last. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., and 3s., at Mitchell's, Old Bond-street; Verrier's, 36, High-street, Kensington; and Spalding's, 46, High-street, Notting-hill.

## ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—WEDNESDAY NEXT, MAY 9, at Eight, MESSRS. AMBROSE AUSTIN and GEORGE WATTS' GRAND EVENING CONCERT. Madame Christine Nilsson on her first appearance in England after her brilliant tour in America) and Madame Tissier, the Misses Robertson, Miss Maynard, and Madame Paty. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Grand orchestra of eighteen pianos, sixteen performers. Band of the 2nd Life Guards. Conductors—Sir Julian Benedict, MM. Coenen, Kingsbury, W. Winterbottom, and Sidney Naylor. Prices from 1s. to 10s. 6d. Programmes and Tickets at the Royal Albert Hall; the usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

## HORSE SHOW.—AGRICULTURAL HALL, Islington. Entries close May 14. SHOW OPEN MAY 26, 28, 29, 30, 31, June 1. Prize-Lists and Forms of Entry may be had on application to the Office, Barford-street, N. By order, S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager, Agricultural Hall Company (Limited).

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of numerous inquiries at the Office upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that applications for Advertisements to be printed upon Sheets entitled *The Interleaf* or *Leaflet*, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of the issue of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*, do not emanate from this Office, and that such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.

## TWO WHOLE SHEETS.

Our Supplement next week, consisting of Sixteen Pages, will be devoted wholly to Art Illustrations.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1883.

The month of May has opened auspiciously, and Nature has begun to assume her most bewitching and delicate attire. We have had a fair share of warm showers and soft sunshine, which have been specially grateful after the rigours of an early Easter, and the unwelcome prolongation of the treacherous east wind. It seems somewhat of an anomaly that when the country is redolent of reviving life, and the annual miracle of Spring, as it is called, challenges admiration and excites a too transient poetic sentiment, urban existence should offer so many rival attractions. The London season has fairly commenced, and fashionable society has entered upon the usual round of pleasures and excitements, which is prolonged through the summer months till the days again begin to shorten and satiety sets in. The Opera-house has opened its doors, and the twenty odd theatres of the metropolis are nightly crowded, while through the live-long day the now numerous art-galleries reveal those treasures of painting and sculpture which bear testimony alike to the growth and more elevated standard of artistic merit, and to the increasing diffusion among the public of a cultivated taste for pictorial works. Nothing could better illustrate this tendency of the times than the beautiful galleries in Piccadilly, opened with so much éclat a few days ago in presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, where the Institute of Painters in Water Colours has found so magnificent a home, and competes for public patronage with the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery. Ere long, as the weather becomes warmer, the season of dinner-giving, balls, and charitable festivals that has now set in will be succeeded by *al fresco* entertainments and garden-parties, that wind up the gaieties of London life, and precede the prorogation of Parliament.

There is something touching in the fact that while the Queen has been suffering from mental depression and trying physical ailments she has found opportunity to institute a new order of merit, which once again illustrates her cordial appreciation of self-denying service in the interests of humanity. The "Royal Red Cross," a decoration limited to the fair sex, is to be conferred upon such ladies as have distinguished themselves by ministering to sick and wounded soldiers and sailors in time of war. While nothing can adequately reward the nursing sisters who devote themselves, often at the risk of their lives, to this noble mission, they will be cheered in their painful and meritorious work by so conspicuous a token of Royal and public approval. It is only fitting that the saving as well as the destruction of life, which is necessarily associated with a

military career, should be conspicuously rewarded. The reflex influence of the new decoration will be great. In conferring the enamelled cross upon some of the most devoted ministering angels who succour our disabled defenders, her Majesty sheds fresh lustre upon a sisterhood whose self-sacrificing labours yield the most beneficent results not only in our hospitals but among all sections of the population, especially the humbler classes. Now that nursing has become a skilled profession, it deserves all the distinction that a sympathising Queen can bestow upon it.

Will the time ever come when the services of hospital nurses in connection with the profession of arms can be dispensed with? Utopian as may be the aspiration, there are at least some manifest signs of an increasing aversion to war in the great military States of Europe. The Triple Alliance continues to excite much bitter criticism among our French neighbours. By way of response, it is repeated on behalf of Germany, Austria, and Italy, that the agreement has its origin in their common interests "in the maintenance of peace"; and the suggestion is made by semi-official journals in Berlin and Rome that France should join the new League, and thus form a Quadruple Alliance, with a view to the general reduction of armaments. Notwithstanding the reasonableness of a suggestion which, if carried into effect, would be a priceless boon to all Europe, we fear such a consummation is very far off. Charming as is the theory of proportional disarmament, it would inevitably break down in practice. That International jealousies are as rife as ever is shown by the fact that the idea referred to, which is attributed to the active brain of Prince Bismarck, is magnified by the suspicious journals of Paris into a cunning device for disarming France alone. The peace of Europe may be long preserved by defensive combinations among the Powers, and in consequence of the momentous interests that would be involved in a great Continental war. But disarmament is hardly likely to become a practical question during the present century.

Lord Dufferin is a sanguine as well as an able diplomatist. His project of reforms in the administration of Egypt, upon which he has lavished so much labour, has been formally accepted and promulgated by the Khedive. The land of the Pharaohs, his Lordship says, now stands on the threshold of a new era; and in his interesting letter to Cherif Pasha he expresses, in the name of the Queen's Government, an earnest hope that the new order of things will endure, and, on his own behalf, "a firm conviction of the ultimate success" of the Khedive's Cabinet in their "efforts to secure a lasting reform." While we devoutly hope these noble aspirations may be realised, it is impossible to ignore the formidable nature of the obstacles to lasting success, such as the absence of healthy public feeling, and the love of arbitrary power and the inherent corruption of official life. It is to be feared that the materials for erecting on "unassailable foundations"—as Lord Granville phrases it—the new Constitution, are very scanty. Even while paper reforms are being inaugurated, we hear of serious riots at Port Said, caused by a quarrel between Arabs and Greeks, and of a consequent excited state of feeling at Cairo, where the British troops are confined to the barracks. The prospect of our withdrawal from Egypt, now occupied by some 6000 English soldiers, recedes into the distance as time goes on; and there is reason to fear that the departure of our troops would ere long be followed by the flight of the Khedive and the overthrow of the Constitution which Lord Dufferin has so carefully elaborated. It will be more difficult for the British regiments to leave Egypt than for the Duke of Wellington's proverbial army to manoeuvre itself out of Hyde Park.

Ireland is hardly a savoury topic either for an elaborate article or a brief note. The failure to convict Fitzharris, the car-driver, charged with abetting the Phoenix Park assassinations, is more than counterbalanced by the verdict of guilty against Fagan, one of the principals concerned in the murder of Mr. Burke, and the confessions of Delaney and Caffrey—neither of whom, although condemned to death, are likely to be executed for their crimes. But these trials have for the moment been eclipsed in interest by the revelations of Devine, the informer, who tells of yet another secret society, whose *raison d'être* was the "removal" of suspected confederates; from which we may infer that these Fenian bravos were a set of contemptible miscreants whose assassination plots were frustrated by mutual jealousies. Not a whit more worthy of respect were the proceedings of the Convention of Irish-Americans at Philadelphia. By a great deal of manipulation O'Donovan Rossa and his fire-eating confederates were gagged, but the Convention had not a word to say against dynamite atrocities or in depreciation of the massacre of innocent men, women, and children by explosives. The assembly passed an enthusiastic vote of confidence in Mr. Parnell, who, in a message to the president, lamented that "persecution rests heavily upon" himself and friends—in other words, that retribution is overtaking the cowardly gangs of assassins in Ireland and elsewhere, who, as the Prince of Wales said at Oxford on Wednesday, have shocked the civilised world by the commission of a series of detestable and cowardly outrages, which are happily almost without a parallel in the annals of history."

## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The Affirmation Bill debate. Beshrew the Affirmation Bill debate! Yet, without taking sides, one way or the other, in that bitter *polemics*, those whose vocation it is to study continually may return with advantage to a certain famous Essay (it is the Sixteenth) full of philosophy, charity, and tolerance, written by the Greatest, Wisest, Meanest (?) of Mankind. Again, bearing with curious directness on the Affirmation Debate, is the following passage from the "Meditationes Sacrae," wherein Francis of Verulam writes:—

Among statesmen and politicians, those which have been of greatest depths and compass, and of largest and most universal understanding, have not only in cunning made their profit in seeming religious to the people, but, in truth, have been touched with an inward sense of the knowledge of Deity as they which you shall evermore note to have attributed much to fortune and providence. Contrariwise, those that ascribed all things to their own cunning and practices, and to the immediate and apparent causes and, as the Prophet says, "have sacrificed to their own nets," have been always but petty counterfeit statesmen, and not capable of the greatest actions.

"My brother can eat beef," observes one of the characters in an eighteenth-century comedy. Just now, we may all, even to our deceased wives' sisters, eat lamb. With commendable promptitude and graceful tact, the Queen has assured her loyal subjects that the prohibition of lamb in the Royal Household was not intended injuriously to affect the prospects of the farmers who were fattening lambs for the London market, and could scarcely afford the expense of "raising them" into sheep. So spring lambs will be once more a delicacy of the season; and our careful friends the butchers will, no doubt, hasten to "pop" something considerable on the price of lamb. On the twentieth ultimo shoulder of lamb in my district (St. Pancras, W.C.) was one shilling and fourpence a pound. We will see what the price becomes a week hence.

Curious to note that Burton, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," in his enumeration of meats which should or should not be eaten, says nothing (unless I misread my commonplace book) about either lamb or mutton. Yet, while condemning goat's flesh, he allows kid, if it be young and tender. Hare he utterly scorns, as "a black meat, melancholy, and hard of digestion: it breedeth *incubus*, often eaten, and causeth fearful dreams." But the excellent Burton (who appears to have borrowed most of his dietetic lore from the mediaeval physicians rather than from the cooks of his time) was probably unaware that hare may be made quite tender, juicy, jocund, and digestible, by being first embalmed with good veal stuffing, then covered all over with blankets of fat bacon, and carefully basted "all the time," while roasting, with good butter. Some baste with cream; but that I am inclined to think has a tendency to harden the meat.

It would be serviceable to the cause of social economy if we had some trustworthy figures of the quantity of lamb annually eaten in the metropolis. Does the Statistical Society trouble itself with the consumption of spring lamb, as against that of house lamb? Henry Mayhew, in the "Labour and the Poor" letters, originally published in the *Morning Chronicle* in 1849, computed that in Leadenhall Market alone there were annually sold 450,000 stone of lamb. The amount of beef sold was 580,000 stone; of pork, 540,000; and of veal, 400,000; but the mutton reached the prodigious total of 950,000 stone. Do people eat so much veal nowadays as they used to do at the period when it was made "nice and white" by a horribly cruel process. "This veal is not white enough," said the lady in the story, laying her uncovered hand on a joint of veal in a butcher's shop. "Put on your glove, ma'am!" retorted the butcher. Was there ever paid a more graceful albeit unconsciously-uttered compliment?

I read in the *Times* of May 1:—

Mr. G. Noel asked the First Commissioner of Works whether any decision had been arrived at with reference to the future site of the equestrian statue of the late Duke of Wellington.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre: The Committee which I appointed to advise the Government as to the site for the statue of the Duke of Wellington have unanimously reported that in their opinion the statue should be placed, upon a fitting pedestal, upon a site immediately within the present railings of St. James's Park, facing the Horse Guards, and upon the central axis of the archway of that building. Beyond this I am unable at present to give an answer to the right hon. gentleman. The removal of the statue and a fitting pedestal for it will involve expenditure on which it will be necessary to consult the Treasury, and probably this House.

Mr. G. Noel: Is the new site where the refreshment lodge now stands?

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre: Close to that.

That I am growing very stupid I know full well; still, it may not be unpardonable to ask how a statue weighing many tons can be placed upon the central axis of an arch. It is true that the old casuists debated as to how many thousands of angels could dance on the point of a needle. But I thought that an axis was a straight line, real or imaginary, passing through a body or "magnitude"; and that the axis of a curve was a right line dividing it into two symmetrical parts, so that the part on one side exactly corresponds to that on the other, as in a parabola, ellipse, or hyperbola. If the Duke's statue is to be placed "upon the axis" of the central archway of the Horse Guards, how are her Majesty's Household Cavalry to pass from the Parade into Whitehall? But perhaps "upon" is a misprint for "opposite." Anyhow, it is good to hear that the colossal effigy of the Iron Duke is to be removed from its invidious position over against Apsley House. Not the slightest disrespect will be shown to the illustrious memory of the hero who, a generation since, was called in literal truth the Great Captain of the Age, by the transference of his statue to St. James's Park. To my mind, another and even a better destination might have been found, had it been possible, for the Wellington Monument. It might have been made a gift to the Duke of Wellington, taken down to Strathfieldsaye, and re-erected on a lofty artificial mound—say, of the altitude of the Montagne du Lion on the field of Waterloo—to be a sign and a beacon to the surrounding country.

Of the amount of benefit to be conferred on wheeled locomotion by the marvellously rapid improvements carried out at Hyde Park Corner by the First Commissioner of Works, from designs prepared long since by Mr. A. B. Mitford, C.B., time and the just beginning fashionable season will show the extent. By-the-way, now that I have mentioned "wheeled locomotion" (a most uncouth expression), will somebody be good enough to supply me with a better word than "traffic," which American critics of John Bull's English deride as being wholly erroneous when applied to the passing to and fro of goods, persons, and carriages along a road, railway canal, or steam-boat route. The American critics maintain that "traffic" only properly applies to the exchange or barter of commodities or property. Of course, I am only "echoing" this contention; and Celtic scholars may duly point out that in Welsh, *trafu* is to stir or agitate, and that *trafad* is a stirring about or bustle. Then there is the Latin derivation from *trans* and *facio*. Ménage says that the French word *trajic* is derived from the Italian *trajico*, which, like *fondaco* and *tariff*, is borrowed from the Arabic.

The French only use their word *trajic* with reference to trade. That which we call road or street traffic they call *circulation*. Shakspeare, Bacon, Heylin, Addison, Gay, Rowe all use the word exclusively, literally, or metaphorically, with reference to bartering or exchanging. I begin to think (but for the Welsh derivations) that the Transatlantic censors are right in rebuking us for calling circulation traffic.

One more last word about words. A correspondent, "L. G. R.," Professor of English in a French Lycée, brings under my notice the following extract from an affidavit recently sworn before a Notary Public at Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, U.S.A.:—

On the Twenty-First of March, A.D. 1883, before the subscriber, a Public Notary of the State of Maryland in the City of Baltimore, duly commissioned and qualified, came personally \* \* \* \* and made oath on the Holy Evangel, &c.

This is the first time, adds my correspondent, that he has come across the word "Evangel," and he wishes to know whether the word exists or has existed in English. In reply, I would inform him that "Evangel"—the Gospel, good tidings, occurs in Spenser.

The sacred pledge of Christ's *Evangel*.

In the most modern edition of English lexicons, Ogilvie and Annandale's "Imperial Dictionary" (Blackie, 1883) I find "Evangel"; and it is not marked as an obsolete word. I find also "Evangile" quoted from Landor. "The Evangile of freedom." But "Evangel," used by Longfellow, is cited as "obsolete or poetic." I believe that "Evangel" has long since passed into prose of the "gushing" order. I cannot remember that I ever gushed; although I have been charged with "gushing" in hundreds of newspaper articles of which I never wrote a line. Behold one of the blessings of the anonymous. A score of years ago, a now very eminent English journalist wrote in the *Saturday Review* a "slashing" article of the most unsparing order, called "Jupiter Junior." It was particularly pointed against a leader on "Bottles," which had appeared in a daily newspaper with which I have been closely associated for more than a quarter of a century; but, in general, it was a tremendously satirical onslaught on the matter and manner of "Jupiter Junior's" leaders. In the course of the ensuing ten years I met, time and again, the author of the *Saturday* article (I have always admired and liked him very much); but as I have always been "wall-eyed," and the remaining orb of vision is of no great account, it is very possible that I failed occasionally to recognise him.

A mutual friend told me long afterwards that the sometime Saturday Reviewer had remarked to him, "That man" (meaning your humble servant) "cuts me." He will never forgive me. He cannot forget that I am the writer of "Jupiter Junior." Bless the dear man! The article on "Bottles" was none of mine.

One of the oddest stories that I have read for a long time appeared recently in the *New York Herald*. A lady residing in Washington had a pet dog, which died. His disconsolate mistress caused the remains of the lamented "bow wow" to be embalmed, and conveyed for interment at his Western home. The "robe" (shroud) was of broad cloth, the necktie white, the "casket" (coffin) of rosewood, with silver-plated ornaments. "Curiously enough," sardonically adds the *Herald*, "although the dog was from Ohio, he had never sought nor obtained office."

But there is a suggestion not at all of a sardonic nature in the obsequies of the pet dog. Had the bereaved lady, I wonder, ever read the moving passage in the Sixteenth of Bacon's Essays, to which I alluded just now, on the Religion of Dogs?

Take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man who to him is, instead of a God or "melior natura"; which courage is manifestly such as that creature without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain.

He that loves dogs, and lives much with them, and marks how many qualities of true piety which they display—unbounded love, unalterable fidelity, unmixed gratitude, unstinted obedience, and wholesome fear of rebuke for wrong doing—can scarcely be blamed if they come at last to regard the dog as, after its kind, a distinctly religious creature, and if, when its harmless and beautiful little life is ended, they are averse from suffering its carcass to be carted away by the scavenger.

It is not, after all, so far a cry to Teheran. Not many weeks need elapse before the gentleman in the metropolis of Persia, who thought that I had made a mistake in calling the author of "The Cook's Oracle" a doctor of medicine, will learn, on the authority of the "Annual

Register" (the volume for 1827), that Dr. William Kitchiner took the degree of Doctor of Medicine at Glasgow; but, having inherited a good fortune from his father, he was not obliged to practise. I am obliged to the correspondent "N. A.," who has given me this information, and who precedes it with the remark, "Doubtless you possess the "Annual Register."

Alas! I am only the possessor of two tomes of that invaluable historical and social chronicle: the volumes for 1880 and 1881.

It is not a question of being able to afford to purchase a complete set of the "Annual Register." It is a question of not being able to afford to keep it. If you live in a house of moderate size, and systematically make additions to your library, and if you have, in addition, at least ten crazes for collecting all books procurable on as many subjects as you have crazes, you will find every year your shelf-space contracting as surely (although without dreadful clangour) as did the collapsing sides of the iron chamber in the weird story published long ago in *Blackwood*. I have a set of the first twenty years of *Blackwood*. Replete as they are with rich and rare literature, I grudge them the shelf-space which they occupy. They must go. So must the *Monthly* and the *European Magazines*, the *Examiner* (from the beginning), the *Spectator* (ten years of it), the *Gardeners' Chronicle* (five years), and a seven years' set of the *Civil Engineers' Journal*. Away with them to the topmost garret. But I will keep my sets, early and recent, of my "Leisure Hour" and my "Sunday at Home" en *évidence*, not only because they are good reading, but because the older volumes are full of beautiful wood engravings after John Gilbert. For his sake I have been collecting, for many years past, all kinds of printed things that bear the trace of his master hand:—aye, down to penny periodicals and sixpenny picture books for children. Nor will I part company with a lengthening row of volumes of the *Family Herald*, because, in that innocent and entertaining periodical there appeared thirty-eight years ago the first story ever published from this hand.

Should any of my readers be making a collection, for purposes of publication or otherwise, of "Funeral Poms and Vanities," some curious items of information on this head may be gathered from the accounts of the obsequies, in the chapel of the Hofburg, Vienna, of the lamented Archduchess Marie Antoinette. On what the newspaper scribe terms the catafalque, but which most probably was the bier, there were displayed on velvet cushions the Imperial princely crown, an Archducal coronet, a crosier, various decorations, a pair of white gloves, and a fan. The italics are mine. What did the fan symbolise? Two years since, it is added, the illustrious deceased was nominated Abbess of the Noble Chapter House of Ladies at Prague, an honorary post formerly occupied by Queen Isabella of Spain. Hence the Abbatial cap. All kinds of curious objects have, we know, been discovered in Etruscan and Egyptian sepulchres; and in the Kertch Museum, in the palace of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, the visitor is shown an extraordinary collection of objects, comprising some of the most splendid specimens of antique *repoussé* goldsmith's ware in the world, found in the tombs of the Scythian Kings. But a fan under a catafalque strikes one as odd.

I have gotten myself into rare trouble through a too hasty derivation assigned to the word "toast" in its sense of the drinking of a health. But it was by no mean authority that I was misled. I read in *The Tatler*—Addison's, Swift's, Steele's *Tatler*—

It happened that, on a publick day, a celebrated beauty of those times (Charles the Second's) was at the Cross Bath (at Bath), and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half duffed, who offered to jump in, and swore that, tho' he liked not the liquor, he would have the *toast* (making an allusion to the usage of the times of drinking with a *toast* at the bottom of the glass. Tho' he was opposed in his resolution, this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a *toast*.

This seemed to me plausible enough; but, alas! I reckoned without my host: that is to say, without the large edition of Todd's Johnson's "Dictionary of the English Language," by Dr. R. G. Latham. This authority discredits the *Tatler* derivation, and adds that Wedgwood's is far preferable—i.e., the German *stoss*, or *stoss an*—clink (glasses).

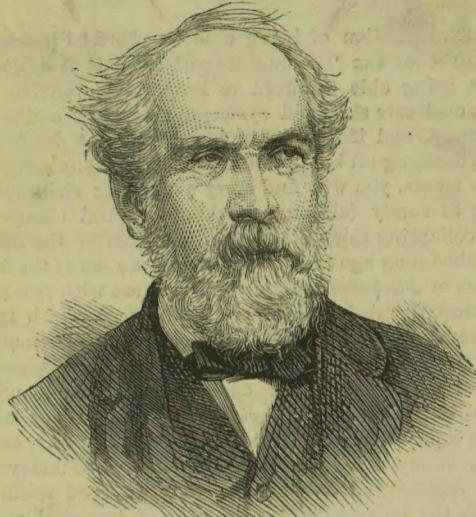
*Stoss*, in German, means a good many things. It signifies, among other things, a thrust, a knock, a push, a hit, a brunt, a shove, a butt, a kick, a bang with the fist, a jog, a nudge, a stab, a lunge, a pass, and a jolt. But is not *Klingen*, German for the verb "to clink"? and is not to toast a lady in German *auf die Gesundheit einer Damen trinken*? In an Anglo-Dutch dictionary, published in 1756, a reigning *Toast*, or beauty, is rendered in Batavian as *Een vermaarde Schoonheid*; and an illustrative quotation is given, "Above a year before the fair Temple came to be a *toast*." At first *de schoone Juffrouw Tempel* puzzled me; till I remembered the beautiful Miss Temple, celebrated in the "Memoirs of De Grammont" as being so very virtuous and so very fond of sugar-plums.

Mem.: Is there any mention anterior to the reign of Charles the Second of a reigning beauty being styled "a *toast*"? As for the toasted bread, that was wont to swim in the flowing bowls of our ancestors, we have it in Shakspeare:—

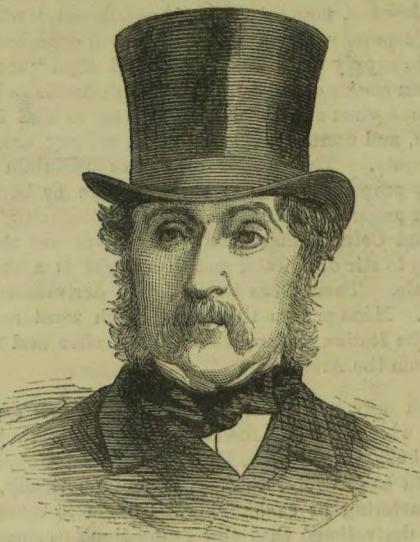
Where's then the saucy boat  
Co-rivaled greatness? or to harbour fled,  
Or made a *toast* for Neptune?

I am poor in Seventeenth-Century dictionaries. My Phillips' "New World of Words" (ed. 1696) makes no mention at all of "toast" or "tost," but in an Anglo-French dictionary, published in 1699, "tost" is translated as *rôtie*; and the careful editor explains that the practice of swimming a *toast* in liquor is peculiar to the English. So soon as the *toast* is done, he adds, it is rubbed with nutmeg, and then placed "dans un pot d'ale." (The Frenchman's spelling is better than poor *Stella's*, whom Swift reproached for writing ale, "aile.") When the pot was finished, the *toast* was taken out and eaten with cheese. An "old *tost*" was a jolly old fellow; whence the proverb, "as drunk as a *tost*," "yvre comme une soupe." Both pretty well obsolete, I should say; although the commonalty continue to speak of an inebriate person being "as tight as a drum."

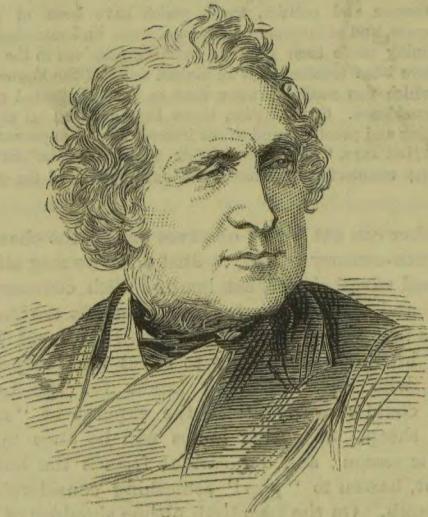
G. A. S.



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL H. Y. D. SCOTT, C.B.



THE LATE PRINCE BATTHYANY.



THE LATE MR. W. L. LEITCH, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

## THE LATE PRINCE BATTHYANY.

The sudden death, at Newmarket Races last week, of this well-known patron of the turf, has occasioned much regret. He was in the eightieth year of his age, but had entertained the Prince of Wales and a party of gentlemen at dinner the day before he expired, apparently from an apoplectic fit. Prince Batthyany, formerly styled Count Batthyany, was the head of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Hungarian nobility, but had resided in England about forty-five years. He was a leading member of the English Jockey Club. Most of his horses were trained by John Dawson, and his first notable success was obtained by the aid of Suburban in the Lincolnshire Handicap in 1862. His colours were again borne to the front in the same race five years later, when Vandervelde defeated fifteen opponents. In 1875 the Derby fell to his share by the aid of Galopin, who was the sire of Galliard, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas this year. By the Prince's death the nominations of Fulmen for the Derby Stakes and Epsom Grand Prize, and Sister of Mercy for the Epsom Grand Prize and Oaks Stakes, became void.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Dickinson, of New Bond-street.

## THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL SCOTT, C.B.

The death of this gentleman, whose official and professional services, as an engineer and architect, were highly useful to the Science and Art Department of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education, received notice in our Obituary last week. Major-General H. Y. D. Scott, R.E., was educated

at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and entered the Royal Engineers in 1840. He acted as Instructor in Surveying and Practical Astronomy, and also as Examiner of Military Topography for the Military Education Department at the War Office. He retired from the Army in 1871 as Major-General, and became Director of Buildings at South Kensington, acting as architect to the Royal Albert Hall and Science Schools. He was Secretary to the Royal Commissioners of the 1851 Exhibition, and was made a Companion of the Bath. He was sixty-one years of age at his death, and had just finished superintending the construction of the Great International Fisheries Exhibition. He leaves a widow and fifteen children.

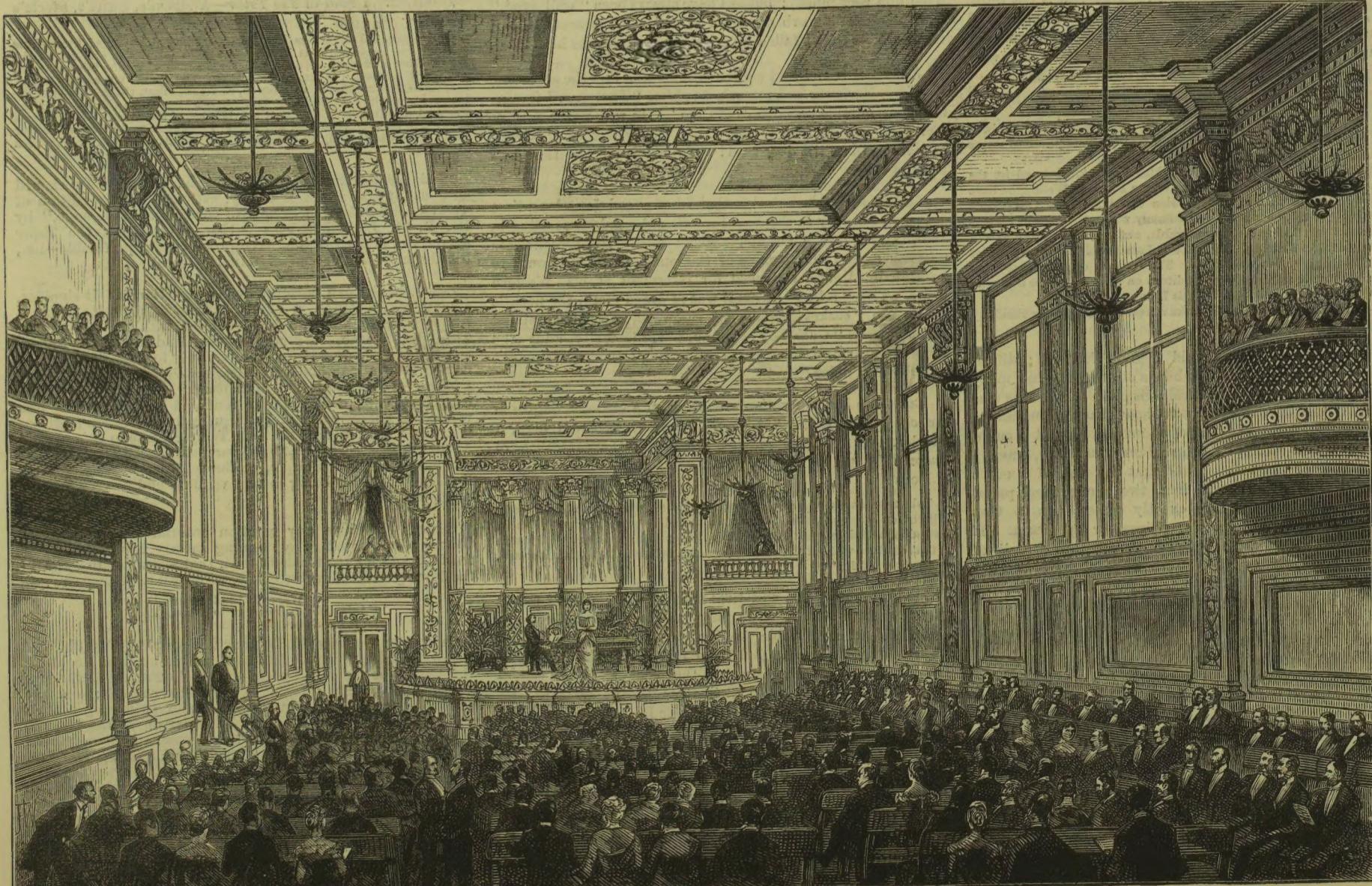
## THE LATE MR. W. L. LEITCH.

The death of this veteran artist, the late Vice-President of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, took place on the 25th ult., two days before the opening of their new Galleries, with their sixty-fifth exhibition, under the auspices of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Mr. William Leighton Leitch was born at Glasgow, Nov. 2, 1804, his father being a manufacturer in that place. He was educated at a private school, and afterwards at the Highland Society School. As a boy, he showed a great liking for drawing, and made the acquaintance of Daniel McNee, afterwards Sir Daniel, President of the Scottish Royal Academy, with whom he studied constantly of an evening. This friendship lasted through life. His friends placed him in a lawyer's office, but he soon left it, and got employment with a decorator and sign painter, which was more to his taste. He married in July, 1824, and shortly afterwards became scene-painter to the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. From that city he went to Cumnock, and thence to Mauchline, where he painted snuff-boxes in company with his friend Daniel McNee. Shortly

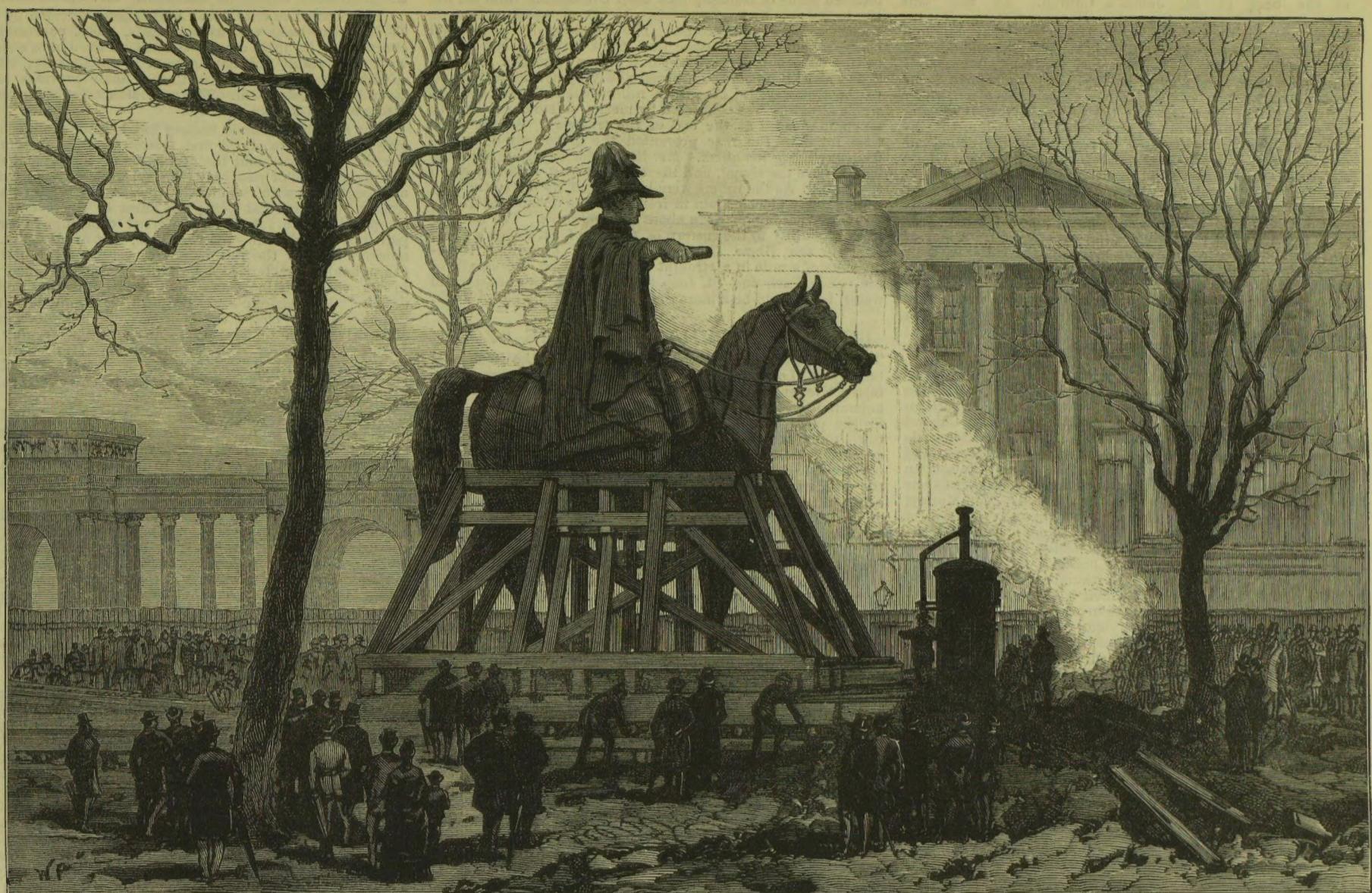
afterwards he came to London, and worked in several of the theatres as scene-painter. He thus became acquainted with David Roberts and Clarkson Stanfield, who were for many years his most intimate friends. He then went to Italy to study, where he remained about five years, making many valuable acquaintances. On his return to London he contributed many fine classical paintings to the Royal Academy and other exhibitions. He also became teacher of water-colour painting to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and other members of the Royal Family, and in after years to the Princess of Wales.

## ROYAL VISIT TO THE NEW ART GALLERIES, PICCADILLY.

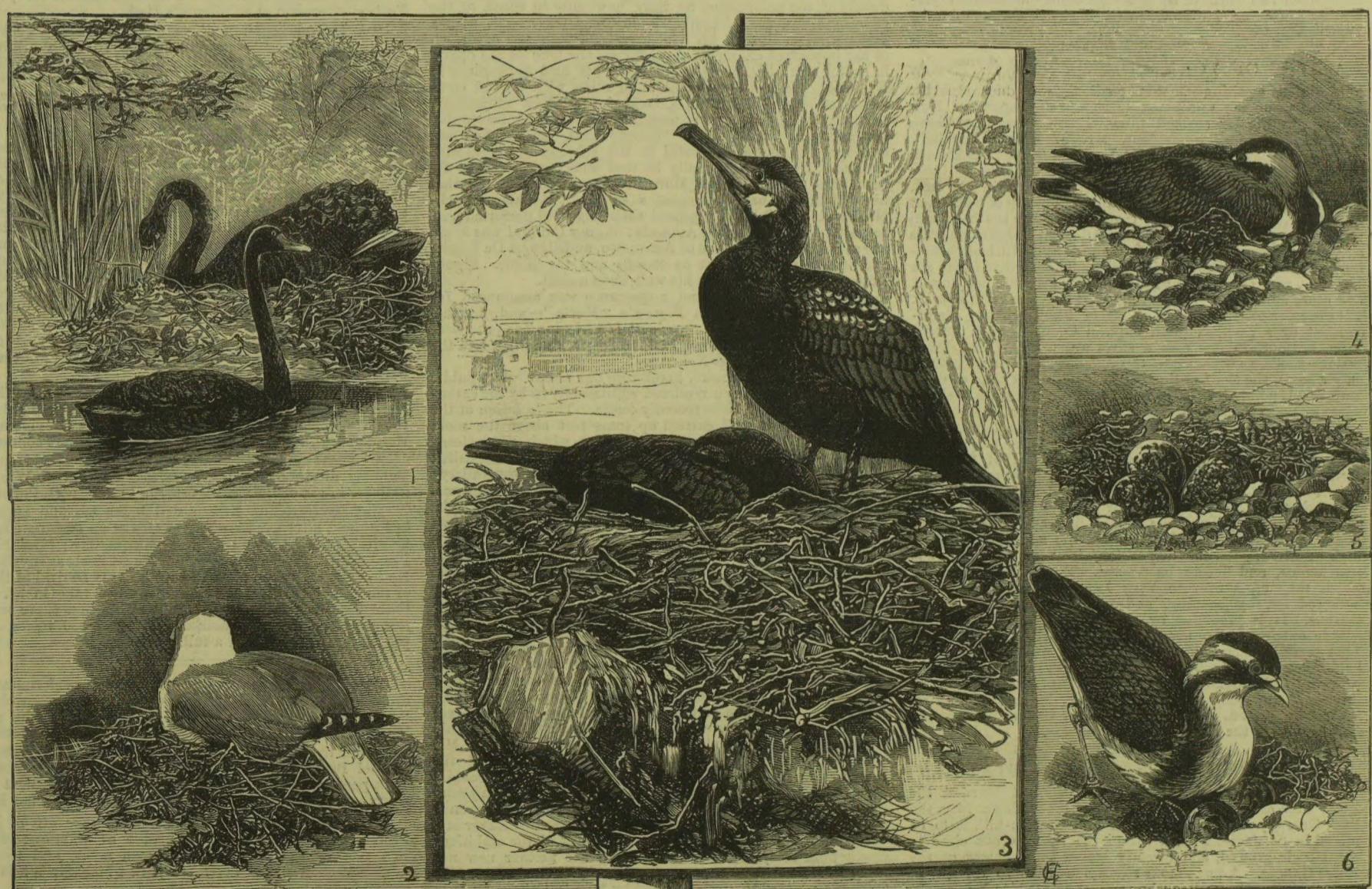
The opening, yesterday week, of the new Galleries of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and of the Prince's Hall, on the ground-floor, with a concert in the fine apartment last mentioned, was attended by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck. The Royal party were received, at nine o'clock, by the President of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Mr. Louis Haghe, and the Council of the Institute, with Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen; and after an address to his Royal Highness by the President had been presented, the Royal visitors were at once ushered to the grand new hall, which is intended mainly for use as a concert or ball room, situated at the rear



CONCERT AT THE PICCADILLY ART GALLERIES, BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



MOVING THE WELLINGTON STATUE, HYDE PARK CORNER (SKETCHED APRIL 24).



1. Black Swan. 2. Gull. 3. Cormorant. 4, 5, 6. Black-Breasted Pratincole.

of the shops, with its windows looking on to the trees at the back of St. James's Church. In size this concert-room recalls the old Hanover-square Rooms, having seating space for some seven or eight hundred persons. Decorated with pilasters in style corresponding with those on the main front, it is supplied with a handsome semi-circular platform and a large gallery. It is henceforth to be known as the Prince's Hall. Here a concert was given, under the direction of Mr. F. Cowen, the principal vocalists being Miss Santley, Madame Patey, and Signor Foli, while the instrumental music was confided to Signor Piatti, M. Vladimir de Pachmann, and Mr. F. Cowen. The London Vocal Union also assisted. When the first part of the concert had been completed, the Royal party were conducted by the President of the Institute, with Sir Frederick Leighton, and the members of the Council, to the picture-galleries above for a private view, the audience remaining in the concert-hall. A stay of an hour and three quarters was made in the galleries, their Royal Highnesses taking their departure shortly before midnight. Most of the general company, after the second part of the concert was over, went into the galleries for a view of the exhibition, which is described by our fine-art reporter in another page.

#### THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

The opening banquet of this important political institution took place on Wednesday evening at the Royal Aquarium. The Prime Minister, with Earl Granville and other Cabinet Ministers, attended upon this occasion. Mr. Gladstone addressed a very large assembly of gentlemen from all parts of the United Kingdom, members of the new Liberal Club, upon the state of public affairs and the duties and prospects of their party. Lord Granville, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. John Morley, M.P., were among the speakers. The temporary location of the Club, until it shall have built a mansion, upon some convenient site, for its permanent habitation, is in the upper storeys of the grand pile of new building facing Trafalgar-square, at the corner of Northumberland-avenue and Charing-cross, the exterior of which is shown in our front-page Engraving. It was opened to members, for inspection only, on Wednesday morning, but will not be ready for their actual occupation till the middle of this month. There are five floors to be placed at the disposal of the National Liberal Club; the first floor consists of a library, reading and writing rooms, and reception-room for strangers; on the second floor are four dining-rooms and a grill-room; on the third floor, smoking-rooms, a billiard-room, and a card-room; the fourth floor contains twelve bed-rooms, for the accommodation of country members visiting London; and the kitchens, store-rooms, and steward's rooms, are on the top floor; several rooms on the ground floor and basement are also available for the service of the Club. The rooms on the first, second, and third floors are of different sizes and irregular shapes, but all look out upon the street; they form suites of apartments, with doors from one room to another. A large room on the third floor is fitted with low platforms for speakers at a private meeting. There is a mechanical lift to raise passengers from one floor to another. The decoration and furniture of all the rooms will be uniform, plain, solid and substantial. The architects of the building, which was not originally designed for a Club-house, were Messrs. F. and H. Francis; but the internal arrangements for this purpose have been contrived and directed by Mr. F. W. Waller, architect, of Gloucester and London. The general meeting of the Club, at which Lord Monson presided, was held on Wednesday afternoon. The number of its members already admitted is 3500, about two thirds of these being country members, representing five or six hundred towns or places throughout the United Kingdom.

#### NATIVES OF YORK ISLAND, NEW GUINEA.

While still awaiting further particulars of the reported annexation of the south-eastern shores of Papua, or New Guinea, by the Queensland Colonial Government, we have received from a correspondent, Mr. J. Wilson Marshall, sketches of the inhabitants of York Island, in Port Blackwood, Torres Strait; which are now published in addition to those of Port Moresby and Darnley Island presented in our last. The people shown in this week's Illustrations are of a different race from those dwelling on the coast of the south-eastern peninsula explored by Captain (Rear-Admiral) Moresby ten years ago, in the cruise of H.M.S. *Basilisk*, and described in his interesting volume on the subject in 1876. These native tribes are Papuans, who casually visit the island for catching fish, turtle, and other animals, or for getting what they can from wrecks. They are perfectly nude, but chiefs or head-men are distinguished by a necklace (with Captain Cook's medal, watch-faces, buttons, in one case a silver watch or hatchet-head, besides shells, as ornamental appendages). Their weapon is only a lance, the shaft of light wood, the head or point of some hard wood, pointed by burning. In status they are a slight advance upon Australian aborigines, but their features and the skin colour are more of the Malay type; the hair is thick and crisp, rising high on the head. Their chief peculiarities are the bosses or protuberances (irregular) of flesh on shoulders, breasts, and thighs, caused by making incisions in the skin, raising the cuticle, and inserting clay pellets or lumps of similar earth underneath. The chiefs and head men wear human finger-bones (they are said to be cannibals) inserted through the middle cartilage of their nostrils. Their disposition is very forward, but treacherous, and not to be trusted. The kind of canoe in which they cross over to York Island is a tree skilfully hollowed out by burning, and which carries eight or ten persons. It is propelled by paddles, but is so crank that double outriggers are needed to keep it right in the water. They carry in each canoe a large basket made of withes, to hold the fish they catch. The island (York) is of hard volcanic rock, but with partial verdure and plenty of brushwood in the interior; numerous ant-hills, above 6 ft. high, are found on the rising ground. Port Blackwood is the nearest part of New Guinea to the North Australian shores.

#### MOVING THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

The colossal bronze equestrian statue of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, which was lately taken down from the Park Gateway Arch at the top of Constitution-hill, is to be placed in St. James's Park, within the railings, but close to the Parade-ground, and directly facing the archway of the Horse Guards. A unanimous recommendation to this effect, signed by the Committee who were appointed to advise the Chief Commissioner of Works upon the question, and who are the Duke of Wellington, Lord Hardinge, Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. Boehm, R.A., Mr. James Ferguson, F.R.S., and Mr. A. B. Mitford, C.B., Secretary to the Board of Works, has been published this week. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre has announced that it will be carried into effect.

Our Illustration shows the scene at the operations performed on the 24th ult. of moving this statue from the position it has occupied since it was taken down from the arch at

Hyde Park-corner to a spot in front of Apsley House. An inclined plane or tramway had been constructed from the old site to the new by means of huge blocks of wood resting on transverse wooden bearings. The statue of the Duke and charger had been for some time fixed inside an iron cradle, resting on strong girders, which together formed a carriage. This was with its burden lowered slowly by hydraulic jacks on to the tramway. Underneath rollers were placed, and the whole structure was connected by means of stout cables with an engine placed at the end of the tramway. At the same time ropes in the rear prevented the movement down the tramway being too quick. Mr. Burt, who superintended the works, gave the signal, and the statue glided smoothly down the plane. As the rollers were left behind by the statue they were quickly placed again in front, and the distance of 150 ft. was safely accomplished in about forty minutes. The removal from Piccadilly to the eastern extremity of St. James's Park, opposite the Horse Guards, a distance exceeding three-quarters of a mile in a straight line, traversing the length of the Green Park and St. James's Park, with the ornamental water, is likely to be a more difficult and costly piece of work.

#### BIRD'S-NEST BUILDING AT THE "ZOO."

The aviaries in the Regent's Park Gardens of the Zoological Society of London are not the least attractive part of the instructive entertainment there provided for lovers of the animated creation. In the spring season, more especially in the ponds occupied by the different species of water-fowl, some of which are depicted in our Illustrations on another page, it is particularly interesting to watch the construction of their nests. Those of the black swan, the gull, and the cormorant, are represented by our Artist, being among the most conspicuous to the passing eye of a visitor walking through the Gardens; and the lapwing or green plover, *vanellus cristatus*, commonly called from its peculiar cry the "peewit," found on hilly moors and heaths of this country. The Gardens are now beginning, as usual, to be one of the pleasantest places of fashionable and popular resort for Londoners and sojourners in London during the summer.

The fifty-fourth anniversary meeting of the Zoological Society was held on Monday at the Society's offices in Hanover-square, when the report of the proceedings of the society during the year 1882 was read by the Secretary. The receipts amounted to £34,270, and the expenditure to £26,109. The most important work undertaken had been the new reptile-house in the south-eastern corner of the gardens. The building is 120 ft. long by 60 ft. in width, with a large porch in front, and keepers' rooms at the rear. Fixed cages for the pythons and larger reptiles will occupy three sides, the south front being reserved for small, movable cases. A large oval tank for crocodiles and two smaller ones for water tortoises will be placed in the centre of the building, which, it is hoped, will be ready for opening in July or August next. The visitors to the society's gardens in 1882 were 849,776, the number having been unusually augmented by the excitement caused at the removal of Jumbo in the beginning of the year. The number of animals in the Society's collection on Dec. 31 last was 2355, of which 750 were mammals, 1364 birds, 241 reptiles.

#### MUSIC.

##### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Covent Garden Theatre was reopened, as previously announced, on Tuesday evening for a new season of operatic performances in Italian. Having some weeks ago given an outline of the details of the prospectus, we have now only to speak of the opening night, when Verdi's "Aïda" was performed, with a cast similar to that of previous occasions, with the exception of the important character of Radamès, the hero of the opera, in which part Signor Marconi made his first appearance in England. He has a powerful tenor voice, with a good command of high chest notes, and he phrases effectively, particularly in declamatory passages. He made a favourable impression in the Romanza "Celeste Aïda," in the first act, and was still more successful in the subsequent duets with Aïda and Amneris, especially in that with the former in the final tomb scene. Signor Marconi was so well received that his début must be pronounced a success. Madame Fursch-Madi and Mdlle. Stahl repeated their powerful performances, respectively, as Aïda and Amneris; Signor Cotogni was again an excellent representative of Amonasro, and Signor De Reszke and Scolara were efficient as Ramfis and the King. Signor Bevignani conducted with his well-known skill.

Signor Marconi's second appearance was announced for Thursday, as Lionello, in Flotow's "Marta"—and, for this (Saturday) evening, Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" is promised, with the return of Madame Pauline Lucca, as Selika, and the début of M. Devoyod as Nélusko.

Covent Garden Theatre, heretofore one of our safest public buildings, has now been rendered additionally so by the extensive structural alterations recently made. The isolation of the stage by a brick wall carried up some feet above the roof; additional (iron) doors of exit, the keys of which are inclosed in glass boxes that can be broken instantly when requisite; extra access to and from the amphitheatre and the gallery; iron-plated floors to the workshops, and strong handrails fixed to the sides of the staircases and down the centre of the grand flight—are guarantees for safety; while the comfort of the audience will be increased by the establishment of a gangway down the centre of the stalls, as in past times at Her Majesty's Theatre. Messrs. Lucas have carried out these arrangements, superintended by Mr. Charles Barry, son of the eminent architect, by whom Covent Garden Theatre was rebuilt.

The fourth concert of the seventy-first season of the Philharmonic Society, last week, comprised two specialties—the performance of a manuscript overture which has gained the prize offered for competition by the society, and a new manuscript scene composed expressly for Madame Patey by Sir Julius Benedict. The overture is one of forty-six such pieces sent in competitively, several of them having been highly commended by the judges, Sir Julius Benedict and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who acted "at the request of the Directors, in the unavoidable absence of Sir Michael Costa." The work selected is the composition of Mr. Oliver King, a young man from whom better things may be expected with ripened study and experience. The overture contains some clever and effective instrumentation, but—as with most of the ambitious productions of tyros, the leading ideas are neither new nor interesting, and their treatment is vague and incoherent. The scene is composed to words adapted by Miss L. Courtenay from the monologue of Mary Stuart in the third act of Schiller's play so named. The music consists of a declamatory recitative, followed by several melodic subdivisions, in all which there is some highly dramatic writing—expressive and passionate—surrounded by picturesque and suggestive orchestral details. It was finely sung by Madame Patey, who was greatly applauded, as was the composer, who conducted its performance. Another feature of the concert was Madame Sophie Menter's very fine rendering of Beethoven's pianoforte

concerto in E flat (the "Emperor"). The remaining items of the programme require no comment. Mr. Cusins conducted.

The South London Choral Association—directed by Mr. L. C. Venables—sang various madrigals, glees, part-songs, and choruses at its fifth annual concert at St. James's Hall last week, the result not having been so satisfactory, either in selection or performance, as that of some previous concerts given by the institution. The programme also comprised solo pieces by well-known vocalists.

The Sacred Harmonic Society has but one more concert to give in completion of the first season after the dissolution of the old institution and the formation of the present society. The programme of yesterday (Friday) week was an interesting one, beginning with Schubert's Mass in E flat; this and the similar work in A flat being the finest of the several Masses composed by him. That now referred to belongs to the latest period of his brief life—the year 1828, that of his death. If it nowhere rises to the full height of religious sublimity, it is throughout characterised by beauty, expression, and power in its vocal writing, and rich variety in its orchestral details. Mendelssohn's well-known "Hymn of Praise" ("Lobgesang") closed the concert. Both works were very efficiently given. The solo vocalists of the evening were: Misses A. Marriott and M. Hancock, Mrs. Suter, Mr. H. Kearton, Mr. R. Hilton, and Mr. B. Newth—Mr. Kearton having replaced Mr. E. Lloyd, who has recently been suffering from severe indisposition.

The Bach Choir closed its season, at St. James's Hall, very appropriately by a repetition of Bach's sublime Mass in B minor, which had before been given six times by the choir. It will be sufficient now barely to mention its efficient performance in its complex details, choral, orchestral, and solo. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt conducted.

Mrs. Lamborn Cock's concert at St. James's Hall on Monday evening included the setting of Collins's "Ode to the Passions," by Mrs. Meadows White (née Miss Alice Mary Smith). This clever work was produced at last year's Hereford Festival; and, as we noticed it at that time, we need now only record its favourable reception as on its previous hearing. The solo vocalists on Monday were Misses Santley, M. Hoare, and H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. Other performances, vocal and instrumental, made up an interesting concert, the conductor having been Mr. Cusins. There were an efficient band and chorus.

Mr. Sims Reeves's concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon was avowedly a repetition of that of last February, when large numbers were unable to obtain admission. Tuesday's programme included the concert-giver's rendering of "Fra poco" (from "Lucia"), Blumenthal's ballad, "I wish thou wert not going," and Brahms's sea-song, "The Death of Nelson"—given in the singer's well-known expressive style. Other eminent vocalists contributed to the concert, which also included effective recitations by Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. Toole. There was a large attendance.

Mr. Willing's choir gave a performance of Gade's cantata, "Psyche," on Tuesday evening. The work has already been fully commented on by us in reference to its production at the Birmingham Festival of last year. On Tuesday the solo vocalists were Madame Howitz, Misses Warwick and A. Ehrenberg, Mr. A. Thompson, and Mr. F. King. The highly dramatic music of the cantata—solo, choral, and orchestral—again proved very effective. The second part of the concert consisted of a varied and interesting miscellaneous selection. Mr. Willing conducted. An extra (afternoon) concert is to be given on June 16, when Sir M. Costa's "Eli" will be performed.

Señor Sarasate announced a farewell concert for yesterday (Friday) afternoon at St. James's Hall.

"A Lesson in Magic," produced yesterday week at the Garrison Theatre, Woolwich, proved to be a bright little piece. The libretto, from the pen of Mr. T. M. Watson, is well supplied with good things, and the situations give rise to abundant merriment. Mr. L. Zavertal, on his part, has contributed some charming melodies.

Among the miscellaneous concerts held this week are the following:—A concert, with an excellent programme, was given at the Shoreditch Townhall on Monday evening, on behalf of the Haggerston Hospital Society.—Miss Holland's Choir gave a concert at Steinway Hall on Wednesday afternoon, in aid of the newly-formed District of St. Clement's, Notting-hill.—A choral service was held in Westminster Abbey on Thursday, when a collection was made on behalf of the Incorporated Church Building Society.—A concert was given by the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society, at St. Andrew's Hall, on Thursday afternoon.—M. Eugene Wagner's pianoforte recital took place on Thursday afternoon at Collards' concert-room, Grosvenor-street.—M. Gustave Pradeau has announced a pianoforte recital for Friday evening this week at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.—Miss Thekla Friedländer being the vocalist.

The Brixton Choral and Orchestral Society give, at Gresham Hall, next Monday, Mendelssohn's oratorio "St. Paul"; the vocalists being Madame Worrall, Madame Raymond, Mr. Henry Yates, and Mr. Lewis Thomas; Mr. Lemare conducting.

A concert and readings will be given at Stafford House next Tuesday afternoon by the boys and masters of Winchester College, in aid of the School Mission at Landport, Portsmouth.

Madame Christine Nilsson will make her first appearance in England after her tour in America at an evening concert to be given at the Albert Hall next Wednesday; Miss Florence Perugini will give her second matinée musicale at the Steinway Hall in the afternoon; and the anniversary festival of the Sons of the Clergy Institution is announced to take in St. Paul's Cathedral next Wednesday afternoon, when there will be a full choral service, the choir consisting of 300 voices, accompanied by the organ and a full orchestra.

Miss Elaine Verner will give a dramatic performance next Saturday evening at Kilburn Townhall. The piece chosen is "The Lady of Lyons;" Miss Verner taking the part of Pauline, and Mr. Arthur Lilley that of Claude Melnotte.

Under the immediate patronage of Princess Christian, Mr. Samuel Brandram will give a miscellaneous selection from Shakespeare and other writers at Grosvenor House, next Friday afternoon, in aid of the funds of the National Orphan Home.

Sir William Armstrong has made another gift of land to Newcastle-on-Tyne for the purpose of public recreation. The plot consists of about fourteen acres, and is in the neighbourhood of the extensive park which Sir William presented to the town.

On Tuesday the public park at Dover, which has been laid out by a few ladies and gentlemen at a cost of several thousand pounds, was formally presented to the town. The park occupies an extensive site of twenty acres or more in one of the most prominent and beautiful situations in the town. The land is Government property, but has been granted the lessees at a nominal rent, the project being warmly supported by Lord Granville. The park will be publicly opened by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in July next.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"Affichez les Mémoires," the Parisian manager used to say to his *régisseur* whenever that functionary announced that the nightly falling off in the receipts was threatening to become chronic. The "Mémoires du Diable" of Frédéric Soulé, hackneyed as the grand old melodrama was, could always be reckoned upon to draw good houses and replenish the managerial exchequer. Now, Mr. Augustus Harris, lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, has not had at any period to complain of thin audience and, consequently, depleted coffers; but he may have been occasionally in doubt in the intervals between the production of the last new Christmas Annual and the next new sensational dramatic spectacle as to the particular piece in the *répertoire* of Old Drury which might, with the greatest advantage to the playgoing public and himself (for managers must live, albeit there may be some who fail to perceive the necessity of their doing so) be revived.

"Affichez la Jeunesse" would appear to be the latest motto adopted by the courageously adventurous *impresario* of the National Theatre; so on Saturday, the twenty-eighth ultimo, the drama of "Youth" was, with enhanced splendour and immense *éclat*, revived at Drury Lane. Of the sagacity of reviving this very emotional play there can scarcely be any doubt. "Bestow thy youth," writes Sir Walter Raleigh, "so that thou mayst have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof." But the enterprising lessee of Drury Lane has so "bestowed" his "Youth" that there is no danger of its forsaking him or of its causing him to "sigh and grieve at the account thereof." The grandest tableau in Messrs. Meritt and Harris's drama is that of the battle-scene, which was, when the play was originally produced, laid in Afghanistan. In the revival, the martial venue is changed to Egypt; and the scent of Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir (to paraphrase a "Pinceroism"), with a very strong smell of gunpowder to boot, is "brought across the footlights." "Telkassin" is the ingeniously imaginative name given by the playwrights to the tremendous stage conflict, in which undaunted "supers" mount the imminent deadly breach, and vivacious actors and actresses win the bubble reputation, even at the mouths of real Gatling guns. The famous scene of the embarkation of the troops retains its integrity, but is organised with more startling effect than ever; and, on the whole, the military "situations" in "Youth" are so brilliant and so captivating that they must be considered as directly tending to induce the unguided and unplayacting "youth" in the pit and galleries to enlist forthwith in her Majesty's Service. Long since Mr. Augustus Harris has told the world that "Youth" is a Grand Moral Lesson, a Comfort to the Afflicted, and a Blessing to Families! He would also be entirely justified as announcing his very stirring and successful spectacle as an Incentive to Intending Recruits.

Some changes have been made in the cast since the first long and prosperous run of the spectacle. Mr. John Ryder and Mr. Augustus Harris retain their original parts as the Rev. Joseph Darlington and his son Frank, and Mr. Harry Jackson is as facetious as ever as the Irish servant, Larry O'Pheesey; but there are new recruits to the company in the persons of Mr. Standing, Miss Sophie Eyre, Mrs. Alfred Maddick (the recent Gaiety débutante), and especially of Miss Fanny Brough, who plays with great *erve* and spirit the part of the "singer officer," erst enacted by clever Miss Caroline Hill. The revival of "Youth" was completely successful, and it will doubtless continue to draw crowded houses until Mr. Harris is ready with "The Tower of Babel," or "The Deluge," or "The Fire of London," or "The Plague," or whatever else may be the title of his next new grand spectacular novelty in ever so many tableaux, each conveying a Moral Lesson and a Wholesome Example.

A welcome accession has been made to the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre by the appearance in the brilliant ballet-opera or opera-ballet of "The Trip to the Moon" of Mdlle. Limido, a charming young Italian *danseuse* who not long since delighted the audiences at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, with her grace and agility. Mdlle. Limido is now the *prima ballerina* at her Majesty's, and in the renowned "Snow Ballet" has earned enthusiastic applause. Her *pirouettes* are wonderfully skilful, and her *entrechats* real *tours de force*. The flights of Aenea, "the flying dove," and the dancing of Mdlle. Rossi are unfailingly attractive; Miss Fanny Leslie continues to be captivating; and Offenbach's sprightly music as rendered by admirable vocalists, and an orchestra excellently well led by Mr. G. Jacobi, make the "Trip to the Moon" one of the most agreeable performances to be witnessed at the current playhouses.

At the Olympic Miss Geneviève Ward has done her very utmost, and apparently not without success, to tone down some of the more offensive crudities in Mr. Sydney Grundy's able but complicated play of "Rachel." The red ink-stained pocket-handkerchief incident has been wisely expunged; the "leadless pistol" is no longer fired, but is only presented by Miss Geneviève Ward with startling dramatic effect at the villain's head; the dénouement is no longer inexplicably sudden and purposeless; and, on the whole, "Rachel," as "revised and settled," as the lawyers say, presents much greater scope than it originally did for the superb impersonation of the heroine by Miss Geneviève Ward, the admirable acting of Mr. Hermann Vezin, and the painstaking exertions of Mr. Vernon and Miss Lucy Buckstone.

Saturday, May 5, witnessed the one-hundred-and-fiftieth night of the exceptionally successful revival of "The Rivals" at the Vaudeville; and likewise on this instant Saturday will be presented, for the first time, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, the English adaptation of "Fédora." G. A. S.

Mr. Alfred O. Capper appeared at St. James's Hall, on Monday last, in an entertainment entitled "Arts and Science." Some dexterous feats of legerdemain and clever illustrations of thought reading were given.

On Thursday evening the South African Dramatic Club gave their first performance in London, in aid of the building fund of the Jews' Free School, at the Folies Dramatiques Theatre, Great Queen-street. The pieces were "Cut off with a Shilling," and "The Octo-ron."

An amateur performance, in which Mr. Henry Dickens, Miss Mary Dickens, and Sir William Magnay will appear, is to take place at Toole's Theatre, next Tuesday afternoon, in aid of the funds of the International Literary Association. A version of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas" will be performed.

Mr. Pennington, a survivor of the Balaclava Charge, gave a spirited recitation of Sir F. H. Doyle's poem on thisfeat of war, and vigorously enacted the rôle of "Ingomar" at a Gaiety matinée yesterday week. Mr. Pennington was honoured with a letter in praise of the performance from the Prime Minister, who, with Mrs. Gladstone, witnessed the play.

The Scottish Gathering, in aid of the Scottish Charities in London and the Highland Distress Fund, is to be held on Whit Monday in Stamford-bridge Grounds.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, May 1.

In Paris May, *le mois de Marie*, is par excellence the ladies' month and the artists' month; the ladies exhibit an infinity of ingenious toilets and the artists exhibit innumerable pictures. The Salon is no longer sufficient; the new gallery of the Rue de Sèze is not sufficient either, or so it would appear, for last Thursday artistic Paris was invited to the inauguration of yet another gallery, or rather a whole series of galleries, organised in a vast and elegant mansion, 34, Rue de Provence, by Messrs. Denman, Tripp, and Co., with great taste and luxury. And the Salon? As usual, the art-critic of this journal will give a detailed account of the annual exhibition; I will simply state that this year it comprises 2480 oil paintings, 783 drawings and water colours, and 1048 pieces of sculpture. The first impression is that the Salon is a bewildering maze of mediocrity; more careful examination leads to the discovery of many remarkable pictures, although several of the great names are conspicuous by their absence; finally, one concludes that perhaps, after all, the Salon is as good as it has been any time these past five years. Yesterday, varnishing-day, was a great fête. Literally, all Paris was at the Salon; and the breakfast-tables at Ledoyen's and at the Café des Ambassadeurs were as crowded and gay as ever.

While the painters and their friends were crowding the Palais de l'Industrie, one of the great artists of the century, Edouard Manet, was expiring. Eleven days ago, after a very long and painful malady, Manet had his left foot amputated; at the moment it was hoped that his life could thus be saved, though that hope was perhaps unreasonable. Edouard Manet was in his fiftieth year. After having served for a short time as a sailor, he determined to devote himself to art, and entered the studio of Couture, where he remained six years. Since 1863, Manet has exhibited constantly at the Salon: his pictures have always been furiously discussed, and the result of this discussion is that no artist since Corot and Delacroix has had a more profound influence on modern French art than Edouard Manet. The young school, Bastien Lepage, Cazin, Duez, Gervex, and the rest, are all disciples of Manet. Manet was, above all, an initiator; he cleaned the palettes of the French artists, clarified their painting, and gave it that limpidity, that open-air, modern, living, sunny quality which is at once its charm and its force. Manet, though sometimes led into eccentricity by a spirit of reaction, leaves behind him some altogether superior works, which will undoubtedly find their place before long in the museum of the Louvre.

The book of the season is M. Ernest Renan's "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse," just published by Calmann Lévy. In this volume, full of delicious and delicate pages, M. Renan analyses his moral character with a semblance of sincerity that reminds one often of Jean Jacques Rousseau's "Confessions." Anything more devoid of faith, conviction, or guiding-gear than M. Renan's soul it is impossible to imagine. He is worse than a sceptic; everything is gone, and M. Renan seems to remain simply in the state of a receptacle of impressions, a receptacle of exquisite delicacy. And so while these "Souvenirs" give one the highest possible opinion of M. Renan's intellectual sensibility, they give one the poorest opinion of his moral character. Of course, I am speaking only of the man Renan as he appears in his own psychological analysis; Renan's position and work as a historian, exegete, and savant, will not be changed by any of the revelations of the "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse."

After an animated debate, the Senate last Thursday adopted the Government measure for the conversion of the Five per Cents by 200 to 71 votes. On Saturday the Chamber granted a credit of 370,000f. to the Government for the expenses of a special embassy that is to represent the Republic at the Czar's coronation; and on Monday the Government submitted a vote of 100,000f. for the Triennial Exhibition of Pictures, to be opened at the Trocadéro on Sept. 15.

Sir H. Maine has been elected Corresponding Member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, in the place of the late R. W. Emerson. T. C.

The church built in the Piazza San Silvestro, Rome, and opened for the services of the Church of England in the year 1874, was consecrated last week, and dedicated to the Trinity, by the Right Rev. Dr. Sandford, Bishop of Gibraltar. Her Majesty's Ambassador and Lady Paget were present.—Sir John Savile Lumley, K.C.B., has been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary for Great Britain at Rome, in the place of Sir Augustus Paget, who retires.

The International Exhibition at Amsterdam was opened by the King and Queen of the Netherlands on Tuesday.

The Swiss National Exhibition was also opened on Tuesday at Zurich, amid lively demonstrations and popular rejoicing.

The Emperor William, accompanied by the Grand Duchess of Baden, returned to Berlin on Tuesday morning in good health from Wiesbaden.—Herr Schulze-Delitsch, member of the German Parliament and founder of the system of German friendly societies, died at Potsdam on Sunday morning, in his seventy-fifth year.—The African and Geographical Societies gave a banquet last Saturday at Berlin to Lieutenant Wissman on his return from a successful journey across the continent of Africa.

There was a review at Vienna last Saturday in the presence of the Emperor, Prince William of Prussia, the Crown Prince of Austria, the Archdukes, Prince Reuss, Count de Robilant, and the military attachés. At a Court dinner given in the evening at the Hofburg the Emperor Francis Joseph drank to the health of the Emperor William and to that of his illustrious guest Prince William, as well as the entire Royal House of Prussia. Prince William replied by a toast to the Emperor of Austria and the Imperial family. The Prince distributed several Prussian decorations of which he was the bearer to the officers of the Emperor William's regiment. On Sunday evening he dined again at the Imperial Palace, and at 9.30 p.m. the Emperor, Prince William, the Crown Prince, and Prince Leopold left by the Southern Railway for Styria.

The Emperor, with the Crown Prince and Prince William of Prussia, arrived in the Styrian Alps on Monday at midnight, in a pouring rain. They immediately drove to their quarters in the forest, which was covered with two feet of snow, whilst icy winds blew from the heights. After some successful sport, they repaired to the Castle of Neuberg, where arrangements were made for next day's operations. On Wednesday morning they returned to Vienna, where another grand Court dinner took place.—The Corso in the Prater, the Rotten Row and Hyde Park of Vienna, took place on Tuesday, May 1.

The Swedish Archeological and Geographical Society has awarded the Vega medal to Mr. H. M. Stanley.

The coronation of the Czar will take place at Moscow on the 27th inst. Yesterday week the navigation of the Neva was formally opened by the Commander of the Peter and Paul fortress, who crossed over in his state barge, under a salute of cannon, to the Winter Palace, and notified the Emperor of the fact. The greater part of the ice from Lake Ladoga has yet,

however, to come down the river.—A conflagration at Warsaw, which originated in a cabinetmaker's workshop last week, resulted in the destruction of sixteen lives.—The Summer Theatre at Penza has been destroyed by fire. There was no loss of life, nor was any person injured.

On Sunday a conflict, in which several persons were killed and wounded, took place between Greeks and Arabs at Port Said. The Greek church was protected from injury by British troops, and the Greek Consul took refuge on board her Majesty's gun-boat Falcon.

More than 1200 delegates attended the meeting of the Land League Convention at Philadelphia on Thursday week, during which Mrs. Parnell was favourably compared by Mr. Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago, to the Mother of the Gracchi. The proceedings were disorderly. During a recess yesterday week Mr. O'Donovan Rossa stated that he did not propose to open his lips, nor did any of his followers, unless the convention took some action condemning dynamite. Having elected an executive council of seven members, the convention adjourned *sine die* on Saturday. According to a Reuter's telegram from Philadelphia, the "Dynamite Party" held a secret meeting of a stormy character. The respectable American journals remark with some displeasure that the Philadelphia Convention has met and separated without saying one word to condemn the dynamite policy or the outrages and murders by which the efforts of Irish patriotism have been making themselves known to the world. It is announced from New York that the branches of the Land League established in different parts of the United States have adopted the principles laid down at the Philadelphia Convention. The *New York Herald* states that Dr. Gallagher's portrait, printed in the *Illustrated London News*, has been recognised by persons there acquainted with him.

The Mayor of Ottawa, in presence of the aldermen and a large number of citizens, presented last Saturday to Princess Louise an address of welcome on her return there. Princess Louise pays daily visits to charitable and other institutions.

## THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

We presented last week a General View of the Buildings and Courts on the site of the Horticultural Society's Gardens at South Kensington, which are to be occupied by this important Exhibition, to be opened on Saturday, the 12th, by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by most of the Royal family. Arrangements have been made for the attendance at the opening ceremony of parties of fisher-girls in their national costumes from France, Belgium, and Holland. The fishing ports of Boulogne and Dieppe will supply the French contingent, the port of Ostend that for Belgium, and the villages of Scheveningen (near the Hague) and the estuary of the Zuyder Zee, that for Holland. The various foreign contingents will also appear in the exhibition on Whit Monday in company with those from England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the Channel Islands, who will number four hundred. Our Sketches, presented this week, of some of the gathering representatives of different nations and countries, which are interested in the fisheries of their own coasts and rivers, may be regarded as an earnest of such picturesque diversities in the approaching Exhibition. They have already begun to assemble and set about the work of preparing their stalls and glass cases, models of boats, arrangements of nets, lines, hooks, traps, and other apparatus for catching fish, which will hereafter be described. From Bergen, in Norway, and from the Swedish province of Dalecarlia, hardy fisher-folk and sturdy damsels, the latter dressed in scarlet tunics and black high-peaked caps, have arrived to do the honours of their own department of the show. Almost equally outlandish in appearance are the poor fishermen of the West of Ireland, some of whom bring the most primitive-looking craft, resembling the ancient Welsh "coracles," with which they are fain to ply for this purpose on the broad shallow loughs and estuaries of Galway and Mayo. Industrious Chinese artificers, and those of Japan likewise, have commenced setting up models of the boats and fishing appliances by which food is procured from the great rivers, and around the shores, for the support of a vast population. Many are the diverse nations of Europe and Asia, of America, Africa, and Australia and Polynesia, from which contributions are expected, and this collection will be far from being completed by the opening day. The Aquarium, indeed, is already complete, and only requires that the animals be introduced into the tanks, and the pumps set going for the purpose of aerating the water brought from the sea. Two or three little stalactite caves, with sandy bottoms and coloured light from above, will be much admired. They serve very prettily to fill up a space between tanks separated by the buttresses of the arcade. The Marquis of Exeter's whale turns out to be not a live specimen of a small species, but the skeleton of a very large one, thrown up somewhere on our coasts, and believed to be the second largest ever secured in the British seas. It has been fitted up on stout iron supports on one of the grassy banks outside the buildings. The permanent pools of water have been drained and cleaned, and are now filled again. What is left of the garden, refreshed by the recent rains, has recovered from the dilapidation into which it seemed to have fallen, and begins to look trim and pleasant. The rhododendrons will make a fine show; and, both without and within, the scene on May 12 will, if the weather is then propitious, be animated and full of attractions.

## A GAME AT CRIBBAGE.

This old-fashioned game with the cards has for generations past been a favourite domestic pastime in quiet families of homely tastes and habits. It is not rigorously scientific, and none seems better adapted to enable the old and the young—the grandfather and his bright little grand-daughter, as shown in our Artist's drawing—to give each other an hour of mutual diversion. The honour of winning may not be with the old gentleman with his present hand. But the pleasing alternation of chances is agreeable to both; and this mild form of mental exercise, giving zest to his light supper and easy sleep when he goes early to bed, is wholesome for a man of his age. The child, for her part, will be all the sweeter-tempered and sharper-witted for having often shared this gentle recreation, and may live to think of such evenings in the home of her youth, with affectionate remembrances of him who will then be laid in the tomb. A feeling of kindly sympathy is evoked by this scene of simple household amusement, which fully warrants us in denying that harsh proverb of Puritanic severity, "A pack of cards is the Devil's Picture-book"; indeed, we should rather expect the angels to smile than to weep over such an innocent method of human pleasure.

Amidst a considerable concourse of spectators, the new road at Hyde Park-corner, from Hamilton-place to Halkin-street, was on Tuesday morning thrown open without special ceremony.



1. Taking in Sea Water for the Tanks.  
4. A Chinese Artist at Work.

2. Chinese Carpenter setting up the Models.  
5. Bergen Fisher-Folk (Norway).

3. Dalecarlian Girl (Sweden) Cleaning Glass.  
7. Primitive Irish Coracle.



A GAME AT CRIBBAGE,

## ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Scarcely an average exhibition—containing, indeed, fewer works of great mark than ever, and none likely to prove school or epoch forming; showing, however, a great deal of respectable work, though not work exemplifying the highest technicalities of design, draughtsmanship, and modelling; and betraying withal a bewildering variety and diversity of aim and method: such are our first impressions of this year's Art show at Burlington House—to be confirmed, we suspect, during the next few weeks, by the criticisms of the drawing-room and dining-table, the afternoon tea, and the ball-room.

More than ever, the Exhibition shows that, albeit realistic truth and pictorial qualities of colour and effect are achieved by our painters through many ways of looking at Nature, and still more varied modes of recording what is seen, yet we get, after all, only the reflex of mere visual impression. There is no intermediate stage of selection, digestion, and assimilation. The artist tells us nothing of his own feelings; he does not engage or evoke the higher instincts of our nature; in short, the painter nowadays is not a poet. The degree of ideality and style that distinguished our early school is nowhere now to be found. This phenomenon, however, is observable all over the Continent. The art of Rousseau and Corot, Decamps, Millet, and the rest, is as defunct as that of Gainsborough, Crome, Constable, and Turner. With us, the isolation in which our artists work, accounts for the disappointment that follows much fair promise in our exhibitions. Unaided by the experience of predecessors and co-workers, our painters form no school now in the strict historic meaning of the word; and no recognisable "style" is developed—understood as a selected mode of expression, the outcome of high discipline.

On the other hand, the freedom of our painters is not without valuable advantages up to a certain point. In no school is there so much variety—in none is there so much individuality, or so many distinct personalities—using this last word in its convenient French sense. Our painters not only follow their bent independently at home, but very many of them acquire their training abroad, in schools as divergent in technical practice as those of Paris and Antwerp, Rome and Venice, Düsseldorf and Munich. The originality, the "personality" of English painters is beginning to be recognised by French critics. For our part, we believe the pictorial potentialities of our race to be as great as its poetic and literary endowments. All that is wanted is more thorough scholastic training, followed by pupilage under masters, as in France and in Italy of old; together with a right conception of the ultimate poetic capabilities of art.

Complaints are rife, as usual, of unjust exclusions from this exhibition; and we must sympathise with the hundreds, if not thousands, of the rejected, many of whom may find works inferior to their own by painters within the pale usurping the best places; for, in the words of the last President, "other and minor exhibitions do not compensate for exclusion from that which everybody hears of and everybody visits." The Academicians have, however, lately made a self-denying ordinance to limit their contributions to four each in future; the dado seems to have been lowered in some rooms, entirely new rooms are to be provided, and generally a more conciliatory spirit has been shown in respect to reforms we have been urging the Academy to effect for years.

The great pressure on our space this week renders it impossible to more than merely mention some of the principal works of this exhibition. We can only name a few dishes in the *menu*; the feast we must discuss by-and-by. In the first room, then, there is a portrait by Mr. Millais of his brother Academician, Mr. Hook (29)—by far the best portrait at Burlington House, and which is appropriately flanked by two of Mr. Hook's coast scenes. Close by is "Une Grande Dame" (37), a charming portrait of a little girl in Watteau costume, also by Mr. Millais; and not far off is his spectral figure, called "The Grey Lady" (58). On the north wall the two daughters of Saul, "Meral" and "Michal," by Mr. Long, have for "centre" Mr. T. Faed's pathetic "The Waeuf Heart," from Burns's "Logan Braes." Here, too, are three good examples of the new Associates, B. W. Leader—"Parting Day" (98); R. W. Macbeth—"A Sacrifice" (42)—a girl selling her long auburn tresses; and E. J. Gregory—"Piccadilly: a drawingroom day" (112). With mention of Mr. Marcus Stone's "An Offer of Marriage" (5); Mr. Peter Graham's "A Quiet Noon" (86); and a very painful picture, by Maynard Brown, of a family taking "The Last Look" (76) at a corpse, we pass into Room II.—at the head of which, above the line, is "The Dance" (158), a purely decorative composition for the frieze of a drawing-room, by Sir Frederick Leighton. Below is Mr. Frith's picture of the private view of the Academy exhibition of 1881, containing innumerable portraits of political, literary, artistic, professional, and social celebrities. "These Yellow Sands" (142), by Mr. Brett, is another feature here; and the following are interesting:—"A Dutch Ferry" (148), by G. H. Boughton; a portrait (156), by H. Fantin; two landscapes by J. MacWhirter; "Preparations for the First Communion" (179); an admirable Venetian Scene, by H. Woods; "Psyche" (191), a small half-length, by E. J. Poynter; a picture (194) of an old countryman placing flowers on his wife's grave, by P. H. Calderon; "Wedding Rings" (200), by J. C. Horsley; "Flirtation" (208), two Venetian figures, by De Blaas, which might be taken for a Van Haanen; and, by this young master, "A Mask Shop in Venice" (224), deep and rich in colour, but hardly an adequate example.

In the Great Room we pause before Frank Dicksee's large picture, "Too Late"—the foolish virgins turning from the door of the wedding feast, and partly illuminated by the light streaming from it. Then follow in the order of the catalogue A. C. Gow's "Trophies of Victory"—Maurice of Nassau and his Generals inspecting captured standards; "Joyous Sumner"—a beautiful large decorative composition of female figures proposing to bathe; Lord Wolseley, in the costume of Tel-el-Kebir, and the Duke of Cambridge, by Frank Holl; "The Meal at the Fountain—Spanish Mendicant Students," by F. B. Burgess; "The Ides of March," illustrating Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar"; a lamplight scene, with Calphurnia directing Caesar's attention to the comet portent in the sky; "They had been boys together:" scene, the office of a successful man of business to whom an unsuccessful playmate of fifty years before introduces himself: a pathetic important picture, by T. Faed; a striking picture of the herd of swine possessed by the unclean spirits rushing down a steep place into the sea, by Briton Rivière; A half-length of the Marquis of Salisbury, by Millais; "Voltaire," by W. Q. Orchardson: a capital picture of Voltaire furiously claiming to be avenged by his host, the Due de Sully, for the cowardly horsewhipping inflicted on him by the Due de Rohan's bullies, as told in Carlyle's "Frederick"; "John Bright," Frank Holl's best portrait; "Gathering the Flock," by H. W. B. Davis; "The Way to the Temple," Alma Tadema's "diploma picture"; "Windsor," by Vicat Cole; "Daughters of Eve," a washer-girl plucking apples for her companions, by G. D. Leslie; "A Coffee-Shop, Cairo," by F. Goodall; "Forget-me-Not," by Millais: a portrait of the artist's

daughter, holding the flower so called; "The Wily Angler," an inland subject, by Hook; "Kittens," a girl in fancy costume, with a kitten, by Sir Frederick Leighton; a coast scene by Hook; "The Ransom," an incident of banditti of the seventeenth century and their captives, by J. Pettie; "An Oleander," a Roman Interior, Alma Tadema's best picture of the year; "The Old Clock," a man, equally ancient, setting same by his watch, probably of the same date, by H. S. Marks.

Room IV.—"Friends or Foes" (370), a pretty picture, by P. R. Morris, of two little girls clinging, frightened, to a tree at the approach of a troop of fawns as timid as themselves. H. G. Glindoni's picture, "An Audience" (386), evinces an extraordinary advance—King George III. holding court, but conscious of the approach of his last great illness, attending only to one of the consulting physicians, who feels his pulse, and heedless of the crowd of courtiers or *invités*. "Old Playfellows" (392), a convalescent little girl and collie dog, by Briton Rivière. "Ben Eay" (398), by H. W. B. Davis.

"The favourites of the Emperor Honorius" (463), in Gallery V., by J. W. Waterhouse (whose smaller works we have praised from time to time), is the greatest surprise in the exhibition. The boy Emperor is absorbed feeding his pigeons, oblivious of the diplomat, author, painter, and other supplicants, who humbly crave an audience. Alike as to archaeology, conception, colour, and execution, this is a really masterly performance. "The Piazza" (477), Venice, crowded with its evening promenaders, by W. Logsdail, is another very remarkable picture by an "outsider"—the artist whose Antwerp subjects created a sensation three years ago. "The Last of the Crew" (498), an Arctic explorer, with Esquimaux dogs, by Briton Rivière. The "Village Wedding" (515), a large work by Luke Fildes, shows the happy rustic couple walking homewards, followed by relatives and friends, with the whole village as spectators. "The Day of Reckoning" (524), by S. E. Waller: the auction of a spendthrift's horses, &c., at the park gates.

In Gallery VI. there is a large Egyptian subject by Knighton Warren, entitled "A Hymn to Osiris" (576)—a marked advance. "Bey of Constantine receiving Guests" (593), an elaborate able picture, by F. A. Bridgeman, the American artist, pupil of Gérôme. "A Spill—Not Much Harm Done" (635), an old hunting-man offering his bleeding hand to be bound up by a peasant girl, with powerful landscape background, by J. R. Reid. "A 'Whip' for Van Tromp" (653)—the Lords of the Admiralty of 1652, with Samuel Pepys, inspecting the model of a man-of-war. Portrait of Baroness Burdett-Coutts (667), by E. Long. Gallery VII.—"Giants at Play" (694), three navvies watching the gambols of a bull-pup, by Briton Rivière. Half-length of Mr. Ismay, of the "White Star Line" (709), by Millais. "Suspected of Witchcraft" (753), a girl in conical hat, with black kitten, plucking "simples," by G. H. Boughton. Bernard Samuelson, Esq., M.P. (759), Mr. Herkomer's best portrait. "The Surrender" (777), a Paynim Prince delivering the keys of his city to a victorious Christian General, by J. D. Linton: one of a series of decorative pictures, but the least successful exhibited hitherto. Gallery VIII.—"Alfred Seymour" (788), a portrait by E. J. Gregory; "Welsh Dragons" (809), by J. Brett; "Tiger-Shooting in the Terai, February, 1875" (842)—i.e., on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales—by Herbert Johnson; portrait of W. Bromley Davenport, Esq. (874), by W. W. Ouless.

The water-colour and architectural drawings, engravings, &c., we must leave for the present. It must suffice to name the following oil pictures in the last room, or Gallery XI.:—"The Lion in Love—'Æsop's Fables'" (1432), by Heywood Hardy; "The Ruling Passion" (1450), a gouty old gentleman having a cock-fight in his drawing-room, by L. J. Pott; "Roman Triumph" (1451), a crowded processional scene, by F. W. W. Topham; and contributions by E. A. Waterlow, B. W. Leader, A. Stokes, W. L. Wyllie—a striking Thames scene (1493)—and Colin Hunter. The sculpture includes three colossal models for bronze statues, "Lord Beaconsfield," for Liverpool, by C. B. Birch; "Sir Francis Drake," for Tavistock, by Mr. Boehm; and "Perseus," by G. Simonds. Also a marble statue of the Queen, for Birmingham, by T. Woolner; and a monstrously clever but monstrously vulgar degradation of sculpture to the lowest realism in the shape of a coloured bust, by C. Calvi, of a nigger melodist, with a crushed white hat and enormous shirt-collar, singing to the accompaniment of his banjo.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The exhibition of the parent water-colour society is a good one, though not exceptionally so; and, as comparisons are inevitable, we may at once say that the average of merit is more uniformly high than at the Institute; but the variety is necessarily far less, the works in Pall-mall numbering little more than one third as compared with those in Piccadilly. The elder favourites are not in force, if we except Carl Haag, and the landscape department seems to be declining; but some lately elected or rarely represented members add much to the interest of the display. Commencing, then, with the works of the latter, we have Mr. Frank Holl's "Leaving Home" (124), a row of sorrowful poor people outside the third-class waiting-room of a railway station, a water-colour version of one of his oil pictures, and in which the artist shows himself to be as much at home in the one medium as in the other. In a small Scotch view (128) Mr. Poynter displays the almost photographic exactitude that marks his works of this class. Mr. W. J. Wainwright promises to be an acquisition, though his style is foreign and his taste for ugly faces equally so. His large group of mediæval "Singers" (171) and his swashbuckler with swathed head ruefully regarding the pack of cards thrown on the floor after the night's play (84), have a sober depth of colour and breadth that are remarkable. H. G. Glindoni has a tendency to caricature. His most acceptable contribution is "A Student of Folk Lore" (63), an old fellow seated beneath a window poring over an old folio. J. Burr's "Christmas Eve" (240), a cottage interior, the inmates of which are decorating the walls with holly, has charmingly tender colouring. C. Gregory's best drawing (183) represents the visit of a country doctor to a gipsy tent. The figure of the doctor, the expression of the young woman at the entrance of the tent, and the old crone before the fire, are pathetic; and the workmanship generally is sound.

Other comparatively new members deserve more space than we can devote this week in recognition of their generally careful, modest merit. We allude to H. M. Marshall's London views, so noteworthy for their truthfulness and sense of the picturesque—displayed in apparently unpromising subjects; to W. Pilsbury's delicate bits from farm-house purlieus and Stoke Pogis churchyard (139); to J. W. North's no less delicate spring landscapes bedecked with wild flowers; to "The Vicar" (71), by A. Hopkins, and "A Labour of Love" (193), by N. Tayler, and "Love in a Maze" (158), by J. Parker; to Mrs. Allingham's exquisite little rustic children, and especially her delightful "Rock-a-bye, baby" (303); and to "Great Expectations"

(306), by R. Barnes—two children following their mother for the cake she holds. Of stronger fibre are Tom Lloyd's "Fresh from the Hills" (118), a milking-girl followed by a goat and frisking kids; R. Beavis's "Unloading a Tartane, Bouches du Rhône" (188), which has affinity to our early school of water colours; E. Buckman's "Home" (222), a sailor standing over his wife's grave; O. W. Brierly's Venetian view, with fruit-boats (102), than which we have seen nothing better by the painter; and W. E. Lockhart's "A Baptism in San Giovanni, Siena" (25), which is vigorous almost to coarseness. E. F. Brewtnall takes a higher flight than usual in a drawing (196) highly expressive of the effect of wind; and A. Goodwin finds scope for his imagination variously, but more particularly in pointing the irony of the title "The Invincible Armada" (10), by depicting the wrecked hulls of some of the galleons. H. S. Marks stands alone with his humorous "Toothache in the Middle Ages" (103), a replica, if we remember rightly, of an oil picture of his. Still more peculiar to himself is a view by W. Holman Hunt, looking towards the Dead Sea and Mountains of Moab (268)—the ultra-realistic characteristics of which may be more easily imagined than described. And Mr. Ruskin has exhibited nothing better than his loving study of "Part of the Duomo of Lucca" (263).

The exceptional effort by Mr. Carl Haag to which we have alluded is No. 130—"Sheikh Said in Cairo receiving a deputation from the Desert." The characteristic figures, the ornate architecture of the gate behind them, the rich colour, the telling effect of the glint of golden light through the open door, constitute this one of the finest of the artist's works. Sir John Gilbert's principal contribution is "John the Baptist" (70) preaching in a decidedly picturesque wilderness. Basil Bradley's drawing of hounds at fault, called "Lost" (16), is a large and excellent example. Mr. A. P. Newton has gone so far as Greece for themes, and his views of the Athenian Acropolis and Parthenon are impressive. Miss Clara Montalba, in two or three glowing Venetian subjects, breaks from her favourite aesthetic juxtaposition of ruddy brown and warm olive. There are likewise characteristic drawings by Birket Foster, George and Alfred Fripp, A. W. Hunt, G. P. Boyce, Brittan Willis, R. Thorne Waite, H. Moore, E. K. Johnson, H. Wallis, F. Tayler, W. C. T. Dobson, O. Weber, and Mrs. Angell—names so well known and esteemed that to mention them is to praise—and the expectations they raise will be found fairly fulfilled.

## INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

We have already engraved and described the handsome new building in Piccadilly, in which—in the three galleries that form the top floor—the younger water-colour society has provided itself a much more commanding home than in Pall-Mall, and inaugurated a much more extended scheme of usefulness. In these spacious, well-proportioned galleries there are no less than 900 works; and as about two thirds are "by outsiders," and many of these possess considerable merit, it is evident that the two close societies, as they had hitherto existed, did not adequately represent water-colour art in this country. The Institute has shown exemplary liberality in throwing open its doors to all comers; and, seeing that it has also undertaken to found a free school for teaching the art of painting in water-colours, it is clearly entitled to public sympathy and encouragement. We regret we have not space this week to trace the history of the Institute, formerly the "New Society" of Painters in Water Colours, which now commences a new term of life with its sixty-fifth annual exhibition; and for the same reason we can only glance at a few of the more noteworthy drawings in the present display.

By Mr. E. J. Gregory there are some of the most exquisitely truthful and beautiful works here, comprising "The Sanctum Invaded" (325)—a lovely little boy in the sitters' chair in an artist's studio—boating subjects, studies in Venice and other parts of Italy, &c. "The Admonition" (484), by J. D. Linton—the most important drawing in the exhibition—represents a Bishop of the fifteenth century, with his train of priestly attendants and men-at-arms, solemnly warning against his evil courses a young Italian Prince, who, with his paramour, Court poet and musician, shrink and cover from the threats of spiritual punishment, penance, or excommunication. The heads are highly characteristic. The colouring is full of refined and mellow beauty.

The new members, Messrs. Langley, Passini, Wetherbee, Abbey, John White, A. Parsons, F. G. Cotman, W. L. Wyllie, Frank Walton, and others, some of whom have seceded from the Dudley Gallery, add greatly to the interest of the exhibition. Mr. Langley's drawing of a fisherman's wife and mother listening in terror to a storm, which has for title the refrain to Kingsley's ballad of the "Three Fishers" (507), unites character and power, breadth and finish, in a very remarkable degree. Mr. Abbey's "The Widower" (473)—tended and consoled by his charming daughter, in a quaint interior—is delightfully unaffected in sentiment, admirably painted, and promises highly for this young American artist. There is strength, at least, in J. White's "Scavenger of the Woods" (359), much effectiveness in the landscapes by Cotman; Passini's "Portrait" (562) is powerful; Mr. Wetherbee's "A Modern Ruth" (664) is broad and sweet, like all his work; W. Wyllie's studies made in his journey to Egypt testify, we need hardly say, to his conscientiousness; and Alfred Parson's landscapes (see especially No. 13) mark a step—nay, a stride—in advance. Mr. Spencer Stanhope, another new member, adds a spice of mediævalism in two or three drawings much in the manner of Burne Jones. Other also of the "Dudley men" have put out their full strength, including Frank Walton, Arthur Severn, Joseph Knight, Frank Dillon, Hamilton Macallum, J. H. Henshall, Percy Macquoid, J. J. Richardson, and Arthur Melville. "A Cairo Bazaar" (695) by the last is richer in colour and otherwise more masterly than anything he has shown at the Dudley.

The members of the Institute of longer standing have also naturally exerted themselves for this occasion, as well as Messrs. Linton and Gregory, already noticed. Mr. Lionel Smyth seems for the first time to have done himself justice in the large drawing—admirable for truth, delicacy, and perspective—of a French corn-field, pleasantly called the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" (92). The following also are seen at their best:—C. Green, in "Oranges, Apples, Billo' the Play!" (496); G. Clausen in landscapes with figures, very true in aspect, if betraying insensibility to beauty equal to Bastien Lepage's; A. C. Gow, in a water-colour version of one of his oil pictures; W. Small, in "Sophia Western and Tom Jones" (425); Messrs. Bale, Hugh Carter (whose master, Israels, also contributes), J. A. Houston, Seymour Lucas, Robert Macbeth, William Simpson, C. J. Staniland, Arthur and H. J. Stocks, F. W. W. Topham, T. Walter Wilson (who, besides water-colours, contributes a large drawing in black and white of the members of the Institute), and other figure-painters; Messrs. T. Collier, E. M. Wimperis, J. Orrock, and J. W. Wymer, in landscapes emulative of David Cox; Messrs. Aumonier, E. H. Fahey, and Kealey Haleswelle, in river scenes; J. Fulleylove and G. S. Elgood in architecture and

landscape; W. W. May, E. Hayes, Colin Hunter, and C. E. Holloway, in marine pieces; R. Caldecott in hunting subjects; and Walter Crane, C. Earle, Mark Fisher, T. Green, E. Hargitt, H. G. and Harry Hine, Harry Johnson, W. L. Leitch, J. MacWhirter, H. Pilleau, and J. Syer, in their several more or less well-known manners. We must be content likewise, for the present, to simply commend to the visitor's notice Anderson Hague's "Hay-field" (646), with its very grey effect—an example of the "Manchester School," and revealing French influence; John Scott's "The Wild Swans" (49), a replica of the clever oil picture we engraved; the contributions of Messrs. C. E. Johnson, Huson, C. W. Wyllie, Dadd, Weedon, and W. C. Symons; and the samples of French work furnished in the drawings by Harpignies, Isabey, Lambert, and Lessore.

Two sketches by Princess Beatrice of "Menton" (840) and a "View from Buckingham Palace" (838), show the artistic instincts of yet another member of the Royal family.

### THE COURT.

The improvement in her Majesty's health has been satisfactory since her sojourn in the Isle of Wight, and although yet unable to walk generally, she can move about her apartments with some support; and, accompanied by the members of the Royal family staying with her, takes daily drives. With Princess Beatrice are Princess Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein; and the Duchess of Teck passed from Saturday to Monday with the Queen. The infant Princess Alice of Albany is also with her Majesty during her parents' absence. Princess Beatrice and Princess of Schleswig-Holstein and the Duchess of Teck attended Divine service on Sunday, performed at Osborne by the Rev. Randall Davidson. The Bishops of Llandaff and Truro came to Osborne on Monday, and did homage to the Queen, Princess Beatrice being present; her Majesty also gave audience to Sir William Harcourt. Tuesday being the birthday of the Duke of Connaught, a salute was fired from the ships at Portsmouth and the guard-ship in Cowes Harbour. The Queen received with much concern the intelligence of the death of the Dean of Windsor.

The Queen has abandoned the hope of being able to open the Fisheries Exhibition, and an intimation to that effect has been conveyed to the committee. The Prince of Wales will represent her Majesty on the occasion, and it is expected that he will be accompanied by the Princess.

Her Majesty has instituted a new Order of "The Royal Red Cross," for special services in nursing the sick and wounded in the Army and Navy.

Her Majesty wishes it to be understood that she has no desire to set an example in the matter of the consumption of lamb which would interfere with the ordinary course of trade.

Two hundred pounds have been contributed by the Queen to Peterborough Cathedral; £100 to the fund which is being raised for the purpose of securing the preservation of the tombstones and other memorials of our countrymen who fell in the Crimea; and a further donation of £50 to the funds of the Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor, to which the Duke of Albany, president, has also sent £25.

A Levée will be held by the Prince of Wales at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on the 28th inst.

During the week's stay of Princess Christian at Marlborough House, she, with the Princess of Wales, paid an unexpected visit to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, passing an hour in seeing the patients and the general arrangements, the inspection being most gratifying to them as concerning the care evinced by the authorities. The Princesses, among other art visits, inspected the Dudley Gallery, the Gallery of the Society of Fine Arts, Mr. Frank Miles's Exhibition, the Goupil Gallery, the French Gallery of Pictures, in Pall-mall, and the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk-street, at which last the Princess of Wales purchased a drawing by Miss Kate Hayllar, entitled "Tommy's Orange." Yesterday week the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Christian were present at a concert given in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music in Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, and afterwards opened the exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours in the galleries of the hall. The Prince was present on Saturday at a meeting of the members of the standing committee of the British Museum; and, with the Princess, dined with the Premier and Mrs. Gladstone in Downing-street. Divine service was attended by the Royal family on Sunday. His Royal Highness visited the Great International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington on Tuesday, leaving afterwards for Oxford, where he received a hearty reception. An address was presented by the Mayor, and the University Volunteer Corps formed a guard of honour. After dining with the Dean of Christchurch and Mrs. Liddell, he attended the concert and conversazione given at the new examination schools in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music; and on Wednesday he laid the memorial stone of the new Indian Institute, lunching afterwards with the Vice-Chancellor, returning to town in the evening. The Princess was at a concert given by Mr. Willing's Choir at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening. Her Royal Highness, with Princess Christian and the Duchess of Teck, has also been to the St. James's and the Savoy Theatres.

The appointment of Prince George of Wales as midshipman in her Majesty's ship Canada is officially notified.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on the opening night.

The annual general meeting of the Barristers' Benevolent Association was held in the Middle Temple Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Sir James Hannan presiding.

Among the pictures in the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Sketches of which were presented in our Extra Supplement last week, that of "Summer Sunshine in Falmouth Bay" was named as the work of Mr. "J. S. Philip." This was an accidental misprint; the artist is J. G. Philip, well known for his sketches of the Devon and Cornwall coasts.

In our notice last week, of the ancient hereditary possessions of Lord Talbot de Malahide on the seacoast near Dublin, the "Hill of Howth" was erroneously included. That remarkable promontory, at the northern extremity of Dublin Bay, is some miles distant from Malahide; and the whole domain has belonged for seven centuries past to the family of the Earls and Barons Howth, whose representative now, in direct lineal succession, is the Right Hon. William Ulick Tristram St. Lawrence, Viscount St. Lawrence, fourth Earl of Howth and thirtieth Baron Howth, in the Peerage of Ireland, and Baron Howth, of Howth, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. His ancestral residence is Howth Castle. Sir Amory Tristram, in 1777, landing with Sir John de Courcy at this part of the Irish coast, won many victories in Ulster and Connaught, and was rewarded by the King of England with a grant of the barony of Howth. The subsequent lineage and achievements of his descendants, the St. Lawrences, Lords of Howth, fill an important place in the history of Ireland, and are precisely set forth in Sir Bernard Burke's "Peerage."

### THE SILENT MEMBER.

With the exception of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's local option resolution, which, accepted in principle by the Government, was sanctioned in the House of Commons on April 27 by 228 against 141 votes—a majority of 87 to the credit of the hon. Baronet—the Affirmation Bill has been the only notable subject debated in Parliament. In any gathering, the question of Mr. Bradlaugh's qualification or not to enter the House has only to be named to set men at once by the ears. But this heat has been greatly intensified in the House itself, which has seldom been more crowded than it was on Thursday evening, April 26, when it was known the Prime Minister would speak early in the debate. Let it be at once said that Mr. Gladstone's remarkable speech was admitted by all who heard it to be one of his finest and most impressive orations—an oration, the lofty tone of which only one other member could have equalled: Mr. John Bright, who occupied his old, historic place in the corner seat of the second bench below the gangway on the Ministerial side, and was evidently throughout one of the Premier's most attentive and appreciative listeners.

Mr. Gladstone's bold and eloquent defence of the Affirmation Bill manifestly raised the tenor of the discussion to an exalted level; and it was observed that the altered demeanour of Mr. Bradlaugh (seated outside the bar, as usual) betokened that he was not insensible to the grandeur of the religious passages of the speech. Denying the accuracy of Sir H. Drummond Wolff's contention, the Premier declared that as it was there was "no legal power whatever that can prevent an Atheist duly elected from sitting in this House." A closely reasoned dissection of Sir Richard Cross's argument followed; and stress was laid on the fact that the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed by a combination of leaders on both sides of the House, significant emphasis adding force to the comment that on that occasion they rose superior to religious prejudices. But the most earnestly delivered periods were those dealing with the strong opinions held by members like Mr. Torrens, who claimed that the declaration of allegiance should contain some acknowledgment of the existence of the Deity. The high religious fervour that animated these glowing sentences can only be understood by reading the speech as a whole. It was a magnificent argument, worthy the best traditions of Parliamentary eloquence; and the address was delivered with a vigour that completely proved that Mr. Gladstone's unsurpassed power remains undiminished, and that he carries his seventy-three winters as bravely as ever. From a polemical point of view, the debate might have closed that night after the speeches for and against the bill of Mr. Osborne Morgan. But it has been prolonged for another week, Lord Randolph Churchill's grave Philippic against the bill and Mr. Bradlaugh on Monday being effectively replied to by Mr. Labouchere, and the intolerant deliverances of Baron de Worms being well answered by Mr. Serjeant Simon; whilst Mr. Beresford-Hope and Mr. Edward Clarke on Tuesday resumed the spun-out thread, which then fell to the Protestant Champion, Mr. Newdegate. That the Affirmation Bill, though resolutely opposed at every stage, will pass through the Lower House cannot be reasonably questioned. But what will the Lords do with it?

### LONDON STREET IMPROVEMENTS.

A Committee of the House of Commons, after considering the clauses, has passed the bill promoted by the Metropolitan Board of Works for the execution of extensive street improvements in various parts of London, the total expenditure involved being estimated at £627,700.

The objects of the bill are the widening of Upper-street, Islington, at a cost of £200,000; the improvement and widening of Green-street, Bethnal-green, £70,000; the improvement of Little York-street, Bethnal-green, £4900; improvements in Tower-street, in connection with the extension of the Metropolitan Inner Circle Railway, £80,000—this improvement having for its ultimate object the creation of a continuous 60-ft.-wide thoroughfare from King William Statue to Tower-hill; the improvement of King-street East, at Hammersmith, £65,000; an improvement of streets at Hampstead, £112,000, half to be contributed by the vestry of Hampstead; an improvement at Bermondsey, £123,400; at Walworth-road, £83,000; and a straightening of the road at South Lambeth, £24,900. The cost of these improvements will be provided in the ordinary way by a money bill; they have been approved by the local authorities.

Another provision of the bill is to throw open the two bridges over the canal at Paddington where tolls are now charged. The only opposition to these schemes was offered to the Bermondsey section, and the Committee passed the bill.

We have received samples of crocodile-leather-grained note-papers and envelopes, which have just been produced by Messrs. John Walker and Co., of 96, Farringdon-street. Although at first sight the surface appears unsuitable for writing, we are assured it is not so, but will be found very pleasant to write upon with any kind of pen. The novel shape of both paper and envelopes is a special feature. This firm sends also samples of their new morocco and russia-leather-grained note-papers and envelopes, recently introduced. The note-papers are of various sizes, with envelopes to match.

### THE WEATHER.

#### RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF				THERMOM.	WIND.	General Direction.	Movement In 24 hours, rain at 10 A.M. next morning.	Rain in 24 hours, rain at 10 A.M. next morning.
	Barometer Corrected	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.					
April 22	30° 11' 2	43° 2	34° 4	73	50 0	38° 0	NE.	409	0° 050
23	29° 7 55	36° 3	25° 1	75	44° 3	32 9	NE.	361	0° 300*
24	29° 53	40° 7	35° 8	64	49 6	32 0	NNE.	375	0° 040
25	29° 63	43° 3	33° 8	72	54° 1	38° 6	NW. SW.	181	0° 014+
26	29° 65	45° 9	36° 6	65	59° 7	34° 1	SE. E.	409	0° 000
27	29° 38	52° 1	47° 7	66	60	38° 1	E. SE.	310	0° 360
28	29° 39	52° 1	46° 9	64	57° 0	49° 9	ESE. N.	75	0° 235

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock, a.m.:

Barometer (in inches) corrected .. 30° 167 29° 828 29° 554 29° 618 29° 710 29° 399 29° 380  
Temperature of Air .. 46° 3° 41° 7° 43° 0° 64° 1° 63° 7° 51° 4°  
Temperature of Evaporation .. 40° 7° 35° 1° 38° 2° 40° 2° 46° 8° 49° 3° 50° 4°  
Direction of Wind .. NE. NE. WNW. SE. E. ESE.

#### TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 12, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
M 60 1 15	M h m 1 38 2 23	M h m 2 51 3 14	M h m 3 38 4 0	M h m 4 24	M h m 4 48 5 10	M h m 5 32 5 57

### HOME NEWS.

The Earl of Shaftesbury completed his eighty-second birthday on Saturday last.

The Nantwich Brine and Medicinal Baths were opened on Tuesday last.

Lord Wolseley has consented to become Honorary Colonel of the 23rd Middlesex Rifle Volunteer Corps.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer will take the chair at the anniversary dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund on June 9.

The Town Council of Bath have decided on an expenditure of £3000 in providing increased accommodation at the baths.

The Metropolitan District line to Hounslow was opened for passenger traffic on Tuesday morning. It provides a convenient service of trains to the City.

Count Münster presided on Tuesday evening at the twenty-eighth anniversary festival of the German Hospital, Dalston. More than £4000 in subscriptions and donations was announced.

It was resolved, at a meeting held at Highbury last Saturday afternoon, to take steps for establishing a hospital for North London, combining the free with the graduated pay system.

A meeting of the Governors of University College, Liverpool, was held last Saturday, when it was unanimously agreed that the institution should be affiliated to Victoria University.

Last Saturday the hospital collections took place at Birmingham, and the amount paid into the Joint-Stock Bank to nine o'clock was £4220, as against £3774 last year. It is expected that this year's total will reach £5000.

The Rev. J. C. Harrison, Minister of Park Chapel, Camden Town, was on Tuesday, on his seventieth birthday, presented with £3000, as a mark of esteem and respect on the part of his church and congregation.

Mr. Walter Green, late Master of the Suffolk hounds, has accepted the mastership of the Croome county, in succession to Mr. Lort-Phillips, who has replaced Mr. Lant in North Warwickshire.

Mr. Douglas Close Richmond, who has long been one of the secretaries of the Charity Commission for England and Wales, has been appointed a paid Charity Commissioner, in the room of Lord Colchester, who has resigned.

A painted window, reproducing Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," was unveiled on Sunday morning in the City Temple by Dr. Parker. The window is the gift of Mrs. Jennie Hudston.

The Aston Rowant Gallery was sold last Saturday by Messrs. Christie, the more important pictures, of which there were seventy-one by English and nineteen by foreign artists, bringing very large prices—the amount realised being £34,500.

Better accommodation than that provided by the present City Council Chamber having been considered desirable, a new building is in course of erection at an estimated cost of about £34,000, the corner-stone of which was laid on Monday.

Wilson's Grammar School, Camberwell, which has been recently erected in Church-street, Camberwell, was opened by Alderman Sir J. C. Lawrence, M.P., last Saturday. The school has been built in place of an old one, which was founded in the reign of James I. by the Rev. Edward Wilson, then Vicar of Camberwell, who left a messuage, school-house, and seven acres of land for the instruction of youths in grammar.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada were unusually small, there being only one steamer with live stock on board; and although five steamers conveyed fresh beef to Liverpool, the arrivals were nevertheless considerably below those of the previous week. The supply of mutton was a slight increase on the previous week.

A correspondent of the *Morning Post* writes:—As I was walking from Southend to Shoeburyness this (April 25) morning I had the pleasure of seeing the first flight of swallows, evidently just arrived. There must have been fifty of them; and near the coastguard station the nightingale was heard last Sunday morning and several times since, and the cuckoo was heard this morning also, about the same place, which is skirted by the seashore. The cuckoo has been heard in several places.

Dundee has lately been presented with gifts of something like a quarter of a million, for providing the community with a college, a completely equipped high school, and a sailors' home. At a meeting of the directors of the Blind Asylum on Monday, it was announced that Mrs. Molison, sister of the lady who supplied the greater portion of the funds for the college, and aunt of Mr. Baxter, M.P., intends to provide a new Institution, at a cost of about £10,000, the present buildings being inadequate.

The trustees of the British Museum have received a letter from the Treasury announcing that after careful consideration the Government has decided not to sanction the purchase of the Ashburnham MSS. *en bloc*, but that it would be willing to listen to proposals for the purchase of a portion. The trustees have since the receipt of the letter done what is practicable to try to secure that portion which is of an essentially English character. Lord Ashburnham has been communicated with, and has consented to divide his collections so far as to offer the Stowe MSS. and the Appendix alone. These sections the trustees have recommended to the Government to purchase, and their recommendation is now before the Government.

The scholarships offered by the Council of Newnham College for competition in the Cambridge Senior Local Examination have been awarded as follows:—The Stevenson Scholarship to Miss Henrietta Bishop, Plymouth High School, the Birmingham Scholarship to Miss Edith Saunders, Handsworth Ladies' College. During the past year a wing has been added to the South Hall, containing rooms for nine students, and it was opened in the Lent Term, all the rooms being occupied. On the ground-floor of the wing is a new library, which will be for the use of the students in both halls. The College has received donations amounting to nearly £500 for books, and the cost of the wing has been covered by the donations made to the Building and Endowment Fund.



SKETCHES AT THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.



SKETCHES FROM "STORM-BEATEN," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

## INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.

The battle ground of this competition, which has attracted the attendance of all the great masters of the game of chess, home and foreign, is happily illustrated in our engraving. Herrn Steinitz and Zukertort have fought many such battles as that in which they are now engaged, from their first match in 1872, won by Steinitz, to the Vienna tourney of last year, also won by the same player. Dr. Zukertort's greatest achievements are his victory in the Paris tournament of 1878, and his defeat of Mr. Blackburne in a set match soon afterwards. Messrs. Mackenzie and Mason are old adversaries in the world of chess on the other side of the Atlantic, both being Americans by adoption, although not by birth. Messrs. Bird and Rosenthal have more than once directed their forces against each other in the sport which the old writers loved to describe as the "likeness" of war. Mr. Bird was a competitor in the first international chess tournament held in London, in 1851, and age has scarcely affected for the worse his skill of fence. To the British amateur of chess the most interesting figure in the group is that of Mr. Blackburne, the English champion. He first distinguished himself as a youth of eighteen in the London tourney of 1862, when he rivalled the wonderful blindfold chess performances of Paul Morphy by playing six games simultaneously without seeing the boards or pieces. In chess *sans voir* Mr. Blackburne has but one peer—Dr. Zukertort; and both have surpassed, in that description of chess play, all the practitioners of the past. Herr Winawer has been a conspicuous figure in the tournaments held during the last seven or eight years, and came out of the Vienna competition of last year tieing with Herr Steinitz for the first place. Messrs. Sellman and Tschigorin, who appear to be fighting their battles over again, are young amateurs—the one from Philadelphia, the other from St. Petersburg. The other competitors are Herr Englisch, of Vienna, Dr. Noa, of Hungary, and Messrs. Mortimer and Skipworth, the English amateurs of known skill. A full report of the proceedings of the tourney will be found in the column devoted to Chess in another page.

## "STORM-BEATEN" AT THE ADELPHI.

This powerful melodramatic play, which Mr. Robert Buchanan has constructed from the story of his striking novel recently published under a different name, continues to prove interesting to the popular audiences at the Adelphi Theatre. It seems intended to be a forcible illustration of the futility as well as impiety of cherishing an implacable purpose of revenge for the most enormous personal injuries. We see that the hero, Christian Christianson, while pursuing on the high seas his design of vengeance upon Richard Orchardson, the seducer of his sister Kate, and his rival in the affections of Priscilla Sefton, is thrown by shipwreck, together with the villain above-mentioned, on a desolate Arctic shore, where they share the prospect of a miserable death, and are deprived of the inducement to gratify their mutual hatred by killing each other. Mr. Charles Warner in the part of Christian, and Mr. Barnes in that of Richard, act up to the intense spirit of enmity, in this prolonged duel of aggravated ill-will, with considerable force of expression; while the distressing position of Kate and the innocence of Priscilla, respectively performed by Miss Amy Roselle and Miss E. Lawrence, bring into sufficient prominence the play of feminine affections. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's amusing representation of the silly shepherd, Jabez Greene, gives some relief to the exhibition of woes and wrongs and tragic passions; and the scenery, painted by Mr. Beverley, affords some grand pictorial effects. Our Sketches of "Storm-Beaten" are a delineation of some of the notable characters and incidents of this dramatic romance as shown upon the Adelphi stage. In the first Act Mrs. Christianson is represented obliging her son and daughter to take an oath that they will avenge the family wrongs; the other scenes will be recognised by all who have seen the play or read the book, and those who have not may do so if they please. The title of Mr. Buchanan's original romance was "God and the Man"; but considerations of propriety forbade the retention of that name in the announcement of a theatrical performance.

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## THE MURDER CONSPIRACIES IN IRELAND.

Another of the assassins of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. T. H. Burke has been convicted and condemned to death. Michael Fagan, a mere youth, was yesterday week found guilty by a Dublin jury on the same charge as that on which Brady, Curley, and Kelly had previously been tried—the murder of Thomas Henry Burke, on May 6 last, in the Phoenix Park. Fagan is to be hanged on the 28th inst.

The trial of the cab-driver, Fitzharris, alias Skin-the-Goat, was begun on Monday. It was shown that he had driven the Invincibles on many occasions when the attempts were made on Mr. Forster, as well as on May 5 and 6. The trial terminated on Tuesday in a verdict of acquittal. Mr. Justice O'Brien charged strongly in favour of the prisoner, chiefly on the ground of the absence of proof that Fitzharris knew of the intention to murder Mr. Burke. He pointed out that all the evidence relating to the attempts on Mr. Forster should be left out of consideration. The prisoner will probably be tried again on a charge of conspiracy to murder. On Wednesday Thomas Caffrey and Patrick Delaney pleaded "guilty," and were sentenced to death.

Further arrests have been made in Ireland of men suspected of complicity in conspiracies to murder. One of the prisoners in custody has, it is said, given important information.

The Crown has accepted Joe Hanlon, another of the prisoners, as an informer.

John O'Connor, the organiser for the National League in Munster, was on Monday committed to prison for refusing to be sworn when summoned to give evidence at the secret inquiry which is being held in Cork.

Devine, who declares he became informer because his wife and family had been sent to the workhouse after his arrest, made some startling disclosures in Dublin yesterday week as to the action of a murder organisation outside the "Invincibles," and of which Sylvester Kingston, Thomas Gibney, and a man named Healy are said to have been members. It is asserted that this association was responsible for the attempt on Judge Lawson, and for the murder of Constable Cox and several other persons, full details of which have been given by Devine. The prisoners were remanded for a week.

The public investigation into the conspiracy to murder in Clare was begun in Ennis on Thursday week, when fourteen men were placed in the dock. They were remanded.

The examination was resumed, on Thursday week, at Bow-street, of the seven men charged with being in possession of nitro-glycerine for felonious purposes. Several manufacturers of chemicals from Birmingham testified to large sales to Whitehead of acids and glycerine between February and April. One firm alone supplied him with 1543 lb. of nitric acid and 3006 lb. of sulphuric acid. Superintendent Boyd, of the Glasgow police, produced a written statement made by Bernard Gallagher, in which he spoke of "dynamite schools" in New York which had thirty members, and that Rossa was connected with one of them. He also mentioned Whitehead and other of the prisoners; but he now interrupted the witness to say he could not identify any of the men beside him in the dock. A Glasgow man identified Dr. Gallagher as the son of a labourer who lived in that city twenty years ago. The prisoners were remanded for a week, but the case will not be resumed for a fortnight.

Timothy Featherstone and Daniel O'Herlihy were charged at Liverpool yesterday week, the first with having in his possession explosive substances with intent to commit a felony, and the second with aiding and abetting him in his purpose. They are believed to have been acting in concert with Deasy and Flannigan, now in custody in Liverpool, and whose trial has been postponed until next Assizes.

There were 2514 births and 1635 deaths registered in London last week. The deaths included 1 from smallpox, 40 from measles, 17 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 35 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 10 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from simple cholera. In Greater London 3183 births and 1997 deaths were registered.

## CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

Several circumstances have of late been tending to tighten up the London money market, the most important being the continued efflux of gold to Holland. With the view of checking this drain the Bank of England authorities raised the selling price of Dutch gold coin, and this step was followed by some unexpected restrictions upon the borrowing of the outer market. During last week's Stock Exchange settlement the Bank charged 1 per cent more than the standard rate for short loans, a step which met with loud complaints, but which is clearly in the public interest, and it is of course a decision from which there is no appeal. All recent changes in the Bank's course of business have been in the same direction. Much is required of the Bank of England, and with little more right than because of its great pre-eminence; but the pressure of competition is felt by the Bank with yearly increasing force, and, like smaller institutions, it has need of increased alertness to keep up its earning position. For weeks, and at times even months, the open market, by working under the Bank rate, intercepts much of the Bank's own business, such competitors knowing that, should a pinch come, they may rely on the Bank temporarily aiding them on such moderate terms as to leave the margin of profit almost untouched. What tends to check such competition is for the permanent interests of the market and the public, inconvenient as the restraint is at present felt to be.

Of securities it must still be said that buying is slack, and that almost daily sales are made, to the prejudice of prices. As regards International stocks, it counts for much that the Paris Bourse is altogether out of sorts. The bill to refund the 5 per cent Rentes into 4½ per cents has passed, and the 3 per cents are the better for it; but the decision has not raised the tone of the market at all. Only Italian and Mexican stocks have displayed an upward tendency, and nearly all other groups have lost ground. Egyptian have been very flat, but the debt statement shows such a large surplus that no explanation for the fall can be found in anything actually bearing on the dividend or redemption position of the several issues, much as political partisans talk of difficulties, financial, political, and administrative. With Turkish it is different. They have declined, but the news from Constantinople, under every head, is so deplorable that it is not to be wondered at that the market should be desponding. The fall in some of the principal home railways is severe. The traffic receipts to date are for the most part considerably short of what is required to maintain last year's rate of dividends, and speculators are not slow to act upon such a conspicuous past. In certain other directions the traffics are also causing disappointment. This is the case with the Grand Trunk, and this, together with deliveries of stock at the last settlement, have caused prices to further recede. United States lines have in most cases gone back, but Mexican have advanced, chiefly because of dividend rumours.

Hudson's Bay and Canada North-West Land shares have been rising for several days past in connection with a desire in the market to anticipate the effect upon the property of these companies of the enormous influx of emigrants to the Canadian North-West, and the probability of the British Government falling in with a proposal to transfer 10,000 families from the poorer parts of Ireland by means of a loan of a million sterling to certain Canadian Land Companies, who would undertake the task of carrying out the details, such loan to be repaid in ten years, and not to bear interest. Canadian Pacific Railway shares benefit from this increasing interest in the North-West, and also from the more defined position now held by the company before the European markets. The attraction Canadian Pacific shares have for investors is not alone in the undeniably great future in store for that enterprise, but in the fact that 5 per cent dividends are being paid, net traffic revenue being aided by land-sales for that purpose. As the price is little over 60, the yield is exceptionally large.

T. S.

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"Mother," she managed to say at length, "you do not know, then, that I am your daughter?"

## YOLANDE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

"DIR, O STILLES THAL, GRUSS ZUM LETZTENMAL!"

HE train roared and jangled through the long black night; and always before her shut but sleepless eyes rose vision after vision of that which she was leaving for ever behind—her girlhood. So quiet and beautiful, so rich in affection and kindness, that appeared to

her now; she could scarce believe that it was herself she saw, in those recurrent scenes, so glad and joyous and light-hearted. That was all over: Already it seemed far away. She beheld herself walking with her father along the still valley, in the moonlight; or out on the blue waters of the loch, with the sun hot on the gunwale of the boat; or away up on the lonely hillsides, where the neighbourhood of the water-courses was marked by a wandering blaze

of gold—wide-spread masses of the yellow saxifrage; or seated at the head of the dinner-table, with her friends laughing and talking;—and all that life was grown distant now. She was as one expelled from Paradise. And sometimes, in spite of herself, in spite of all her wise and firm resolves, her heart would utter to itself a sort of cry of despair. Why did he refuse her that bit of a flower to take away with her? It was so small a thing. And then she thought of the look of his eyes as he regarded her; of the great pity and tenderness shining there; and of the words of courage and hope that he had spoken to her as she left. Well, she would show herself worthy of his faith in her. She would force away from her those idle regrets over a too-beautiful past. A new life was opening before her; she was content to accept whatever it might bring. Who could grudge to her this long, last review of the life she was

leaving for ever? Farewell—farewell! She was not even carrying away with her a bit of a leaf or a blossom, to awaken memories, in the after time, of the garden in which she had so often stood in the white clear air, with the sunlight all around her. Well, it was better so. And perhaps in the new life that she was entering she would find such duties and occupations as would effectually prevent the recurrence of this long night's torture—this vision-building out of the past, this inexplicable yearning, this vain stretching out of the hands to that she was leaving for ever.

Towards morning she slept a little, but not much; however, on the first occasion of her opening her eyes, she found that the grey light of the new day was around her. For an instant a shock of fear overcame her—a sudden sense of helplessness and affright. She was so strangely situated; she was drawing near the great, dread city; she knew not what lay before her; and she felt so much alone. Despite herself, tears began to trickle down her face, and her lips were tremulous. This new day seemed terrible, and she was helpless—and alone.

"Dear me, Miss," said Jane, happening to wake up at this moment, "what is the matter?"

"It is nothing," her young mistress said. "I—I have scarcely slept at all these two nights, and I feel rather weak and—*and*—not very well. It is no matter."

But the tears fell faster now; and this sense of weakness and helplessness completely overpowered her. She fairly broke down.

"I will tell you what it is," she sobbed, in a kind of recklessness of despair. "It is that I have undertaken to do what is beyond me. I am not fit for it. They have asked too much of me. It is beyond what I can do. What can I do?—when I feel that I should be happy if I could only lie down and die, and be the cause of no more trouble to anyone!"

The maid was very much startled by these words, though she little guessed the cause of them. And indeed her young mistress very speedily—and by a force of will that she did not suspect herself of possessing—put an end to this half-hysterical fit. She drew herself up erect; she dried her eyes; and she told Jane that as soon as they got to the hotel she would go to bed for an hour or two and try to get some sleep; for that really this long fit of wakefulness had filled her head with all sorts of ridiculous fancies.

And that was the last sign of weakness. Pale her face might be, as she set about the undertaking of this duty; but she had steeled her heart. Fortunately, when they got to the hotel, and when she had had some breakfast, she was able to snatch an hour or two's sound and refreshing sleep in the silence of her own room; and when she reappeared even the dull-witted Jane noticed how much better and brisker she

looked. Nay, there was even a kind of hopefulness and cheerfulness in the way she set about making her preparations. And first of all she told Jane fully and frankly of the errand on which she had come to London; and this, as it turned out, was a wise thing to do; for the good Jane regarded the whole situation, and her probable share in the adventure, with a stolid self-sufficiency which was as good as any courage. Oh, she said, she was not afraid of such people! Probably she knew better how to manage them than a young lady would. They wouldn't frighten her! And she not obscurely hinted that, if there was any kind of incivility going on, she was quite capable of giving as good as she got.

Yolande had resolved, among other things, that, while she would implicitly obey Mr. Melville's instructions about making that appeal to her mother entirely unaided and unaccompanied, she might also prudently follow her father's advice and get such help as was necessary, with regard to preliminary arrangements, from his solicitors; more especially as she had met one of those gentlemen two or three times, and so far was on friendly terms with him. Accordingly, one of the first things she did was to get into a cab, accompanied by her maid, and drive to the offices of Lawrence and Lang in Lincoln's-inn-fields. She asked for Mr. Lang; and by-and-by was shown into that gentleman's room. He was a tall, elderly person, with white hair, a shrewd, thin face, and humorous, good-natured smile.

"Take a seat, Miss Winterbourne," said he. "Very lucky you came now. In another ten minutes I should have been off to seek you at the — Hotel; and we should have crossed each other."

"But how did you know I was at the — Hotel?" she said, with a stare of astonishment.

"Oh, we lawyers are supposed to know everything," he answered, good-naturedly. "And I may tell you that I know of the business that has brought you to London; and that we shall be most happy to give you all the assistance in our power."

"But how can you know?" the girl said, bewildered. "It was only the day before yesterday I decided to go; and it was only this morning I reached London. Did my papa write to you, then, without telling me?"

"My dear young lady, if I were to answer your questions, you would no longer believe in the omniscience of lawyers!" he said, with his grave smile. "No, no; you must assume that we know everything. And let me tell you that the step you are taking, though it is a bold one, deserves to be successful; perhaps it will be successful because it is a bold one. I hope so. But you must be prepared for a shock. Your mother has been ill."

"Ah!" said Yolande—but no more. She held her hands clasped.

"I say she *has* been ill," said this elderly suave person, who seemed to regard the girl with a very kindly interest. "Now she is better. Three weeks ago my clerk found her unable to sign the receipt that he usually brings away with him; and I was about to write to your father, when I thought I would wait a day or two and see; and, fortunately, she got a little better. However, you must be prepared to find her looking ill; and—and—well, I was going to say she might be incapable of recognising you; but I forgot. In the meantime we shall be pleased to be of every assistance to you in our power; in fact, we have been instructed to consider you as under our protection. I hope you find the — Hotel comfortable?"

"Oh, yes—oh, yes," Yolande said, absently; she was not thinking of any hotel; she was thinking in what way these people could be of help to her.

"Of course," said he, "when you go to see your mother, I could send some one with you, if you wished it; or I would go with you myself, for that matter; but I understand that is not considered desirable."

"Oh, no," said she; "I must go alone. I wish to see her alone."

"As for your personal safety," said he, "that need not alarm you. Your friends may be anxious about you, no doubt; but the very worst that can happen will be a little impertinence. You won't mind that. I shall have a policeman in plain clothes standing by; if your maid should consider it necessary, she can easily summon him to you. She will be inside; he outside; so you have nothing to fear."

"Then you know all how it has been arranged!" she exclaimed.

"Why, yes; it is our business here to know everything," said he, laughing, "though we are not allowed sometimes to say how we came by the information. Now what else can we do for you. Let me see. If your poor mother will go with you, you might wish to take her to some quiet seaside place, perhaps, for her health?"

"Oh, yes; I wish to take her away from London at once!" Yolande said, eagerly.

"Well, a client of ours has just left some lodgings at Worthing—in fact, we have recommended them, on one or two occasions, and we have been told that they gave satisfaction. The rooms are clean and nicely furnished; and the landlady is civil and obliging. She is a gentlewoman, in short, in reduced circumstances; but not over-reaching. I think you might safely take the rooms."

"Will you give me the address, if you please?"

He wrote the address on a card, and gave it her.

"But do not trouble to write," said he; "we will do that for you, and arrange terms."

"But I must go down to see the place first," said she. "I can go there and get back in one day—to-morrow—can I not?"

"But why should you give yourself so much trouble?" he said.

"What a daughter can do for her own mother, that is not called trouble," she answered, simply. "Is Worthing a large town?"

"No; not a large town. It is one of the smaller watering-places."

"But one could hire there a pony and a pony-chaise?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And could one take the rooms and hire the pony and pony-chaise conditionally?"

"I don't quite understand you."

"Could one say, 'Yes, I shall want these most likely; but if I telegraph to you to-morrow or next day that I do not want them, then there is no bargain and there is nothing to pay'?"

"I have no doubt they would make that arrangement with you. That would be merely reserving the refusal for you for a certain number of days."

"Two days at the most," said Yolande, who seemed to have studied this matter—even as she used to study the details of her future housekeeping at Allt-nam-ba when she was sitting on the deck of the great steamer with the Mediterranean sea around her.

"May I presume to ask," said he, "whether you are sufficiently supplied with money? We have no instructions from your father; but we shall be pleased if you consider us your bankers."

"I have only eight or nine pounds," said she, "in money; but also I have three blank cheques which my papa signed: that is enough, is it not?"

"Well, yes, I should say that was enough," he remarked, with a perfectly subdued irony. "But those blank cheques are dangerous things, if you will permit me to say so. I would strongly advise you, my dear Miss Winterbourne, to destroy them; and to send to us for such sums as you may want from time to time. That would be much the safer plan. And if there is any other particular in which we can be of the least assistance to you, you will please let us know. We can always send someone to you; and a telegram from Worthing only costs a shilling. As we have received such strict injunctions about looking after you, we must keep up our character as your guardian."

"I thought you said my papa had not sent you any instructions!" Yolande exclaimed again.

"About the cheques, my dear young lady," said he, promptly.

"Then I wish you to tell me something of those people—I wish to know who and what they are."

"I think, Miss Winterbourne," said he, gravely, "that the information would not edify you much."

"But I wish to know," said she; "I wish to know the sort of people one must expect to find there."

"The facts are simple, then. He is a drunken scoundrel, to put the matter shortly. I believe he was once in a fairly good position—I rather think he was called to the Bar; but he never practised. Betting on races and drink finished him, between them. Then he tried to float a bit by marrying the proprietress of a public-house—an illiterate woman; but he drank through her money, and the public-house, and everything. Now they are supposed to let out this house in rooms: but, as that would involve trouble, my own impression is they have no lodgers but your mother, and are content to live on the very ample allowance that we are instructed to pay her monthly. Well, no doubt, they will be very angry if you succeed in taking away from them their source of income; and the man, if he is drunk, may be impudent; but that is all you have to fear. I would strongly advise you to go in the evening. Then the presence of the policeman in the street will not arouse suspicion; and if there should be any trifling disturbance, it will be less likely to attract the notice of bystanders. Might I ask—please forgive me if I am impudent!"—he said, "but I have known all about this sad story from the beginning, and I am naturally curious—may I ask whether the idea of your going to your mother, alone, and taking her away with you, alone, was a suggestion of your father's?"

"It was not," said she, with downcast eyes. "It was the suggestion of a friend whose acquaintanceship—whose friendship—we made in the Highlands—a Mr. Melville."

"Ah," said he; and he glanced at a card that was lying before him on the table. "It is bold—bold," he added, musingly. "One thing is certain, everything else has failed. My dear young lady, I am afraid, however successful you may be, your life for some time to come will not be as happy and cheerful as one could wish for one of your age."

"That I am not particular about," said Yolande, absently.

"However, in a matter of this kind, it is not my place to advise: I am a servant only. You are going down to Worthing to-morrow; I will give you a list of trains there and back, to save you the trouble of hunting through a time-table. You will be back in the evening. Now, do you think it desirable that I should get this man whom I mean to employ in your service to hang about the neighbourhood of the house to-morrow, just to get some notion of the comings and goings of the people?"

"I think it would be most desirable," Yolande said.

"Very well; it shall be done. Let me see; this is Thursday; to-morrow you go to Worthing; could you call here on Saturday to hear what the man has to say, or shall he wait on you at the — Hotel?"

"I would rather call here," she said.

"Very well; and what hour would be most convenient?"

"Ten—is it too soon?"

"Not at all," said he, jotting down a memorandum on a diary before him. "Now one thing more. Will you oblige me by burning those cheques; I will write to your father, and take the responsibility."

"If you think it right I will," she said, "as soon as I go back to the hotel."

"And here," he continued, going to a safe and fetching out some Bank of England notes, "is £25 in £5 notes; it is not so serious a matter if one of those should go astray. Please put these in your purse, Miss Winterbourne; and when you want any further sums, you have only to write to us."

She thanked him, and rose, and bade him good-by.

"Good-by, Miss Winterbourne," said he, in a very friendly way; "and please to remember that although, of course, all the resources of our firm are at your disposal, as a matter of business, still I hope you may count on us for something more than that, if there is any way we can help you—I mean in a private and personal way. If any such occasion should arise, please remember that your father and I were friends together in Slagpool five and thirty years ago; and anything that I can do for his daughter will be a great pleasure to me."

As she left, she thought that London did not seem to be, after all, such a terrible place to be alone in. Here was protection, guardianship, friendship, and assistance put all around her at the very outset. There were no more qualms or sinkings of the heart now. When she got outside, it suddenly occurred to her that she would like to go away in search of the street in which her mother lived, and reconnoitre the house. Might there not be some chance of her coming out—the day was fairly fine for London? And how strange to see her mother walking before her. She felt sure she should recognise her. And then—perhaps—what if one were suddenly to discard all preparations?—what if she were to be quickly caught, and carried off, and transferred to the safety of the — Hotel before anyone could interfere?

But when she had ordered the cabman to drive to Oxford-circus, and got into the cab, along with Jane, she firmly put away from her all these wild possibilities. This undertaking was too serious a matter to be imperilled by any rashness. She might look at the street, at the house, at the windows; but not if her mother were to come out and pass her by, touching her skirts even, would she declare herself. She was determined to be worthy of the trust that had been placed in her.

At Oxford-circus they dismissed the cab, and walked some short distance until they found the place they were in search of—a dull, respectable-looking, quiet, misty little thoroughfare, lying just back from the continuous roar of Oxford-street. She passed the house once or twice, too, knowing it by its number; but there was no sign of life in it. The small, curtained windows showed no one sitting there or looking out.

She waited and waited; went to distant points, and watched; but, save for an occasional butcher's boy or postman, the street remained uniformly empty. Then she remembered that it was drawing towards the afternoon; and that poor Jane was probably starving; so she called another cab, and drove to the Hotel.

Next day was a busy day—after that life of quietude far away among the hills. She got to Worthing about twelve; and went straight to the lodgings that had been recommended by Mr. Lang, which she found in one of the bright and cheerful-looking terraces fronting the sea. She was much pleased with the rooms, which were on the first floor—the sitting-room opening on to a balcony prettily decorated with flowers; and she also took rather a fancy to the little old lady herself, who was at first rather anxious and nervous, but who grew more friendly under the influence of Yolande's calm and patronising gentleness. Under the conditions mentioned to Mr. Lang, she took the rooms; and gave her name and address, and her father's name and address, adding, with the smallest touch of pride—

"Of course you know him by reputation."

"Oh, yes, indeed," somewhat vaguely said this timid, pretty, little old lady, who was the widow of a clergyman, and whose sole and whole notion of politics was that the Radicals and other evil-disposed persons of that kind were plotting the destruction of the Church of England, which to her meant nothing more nor less than the swallowing up of the visible universe. "He is in Parliament, is he not?"

"Yes," said Yolande; "and some people wish he were not there. He is a little too honest and outspoken for them."

Next she went to a livery-stable keeper, and asked about his terms for the hire of a pony and pony-carriage. These terms seemed to her reasonable, but they were not; for she was judging them by the Inverness standard, whereas that standard is abnormally high, for the reason that the Inverness livery-stable keepers have demands made on them for only two or, at most, three months in the year, and are quite content, for the other nine months, to lend out their large stock of horses for nothing to any of the neighbouring lairds or farmers who will take them and feed them. However, the matter was not a serious one.

The next morning she called at the office of Messrs. Lawrence and Lang; heard what the man who had been posted in that little thoroughfare had to say; and arranged that she should go alone to the house that evening at eight o'clock. She had no longer in her eyes the pretty timidity and bashfulness of a child; she bore herself with the demeanour of a woman.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### AN ABDUCTION.

A few minutes before eight on that evening, in the thoroughfare just mentioned, a short, thick-set man was standing by a lamp-post, either trying to read, or pretending to read, an

evening newspaper by the dull yellow light. Presently a hansom cab drove up to the corner of the street and stopped there; and a taller and younger man got out and came along to the lamp-post.

"I would go a dozen yards nearer," said the new comer.

"Very well, Sir," said the other; and then he added:

"The master of the house has just gone out, Sir."

"So much the better," said the younger man, carelessly.

"There will be the less bother—probably none at all. But you keep a little bit nearer, after the young lady has gone into the house."

"Very well, Sir."

The new comer apparently did not consider that any great vigilance or surveillance would be necessary; but all the same, while he still left the hansom at the corner of the street, he walked along a few yards further (glancing in passing at the windows of one of the houses), until he came to a narrow entry leading down into a courtyard; and there a step or two into the gloom of the little passage effectually hid him from sight.

Punctually at eight o'clock a four-wheeled cab appeared and drew up; and Yolande got out, followed by her maid. Without delay or hesitation she crossed the pavement, and knocked at the door. A girl of about fifteen opened it.

"Is Mrs. Winterbourne within?" said Yolande, calmly.

The girl eyed her doubtfully.

"Y—yes, Miss."

"I wish to see her, if you please."

"Y—yes, Miss—if you wait for a moment I'll go and tell missis."

"No," said Yolande, promptly—and she passed into the lobby without further ado. "No; I will not trouble your mistress. Please show me where I shall find Mrs. Winterbourne; that is enough."

Now the girl looked frightened; for the two strangers were inside; and she glanced behind her to see whether her mistress were not coming to her relief. Moreover, this tall young lady had an imperious way with her.

"Which is her room?"

"T—that is her sitting-room," stammered the girl—indeed, they were all standing just outside the door of it.

"Thank you," she said, and she put her hand on the handle of the door. "Jane, wait for me." The next moment she was inside the room, and the door shut behind her.

A spasm of fear caught her and struck her motionless. Someone sat there—someone in a chair—idly looking into the fire—a newspaper flung aside. And what horror might not have to be encountered now? She had been warned; she had prepared herself; but still—

Then the next moment a great flood of pity and joy and gratitude filled her heart; for the face that was turned to her—that regarded her with a mild surprise—though it was emaciated and pallid, was not unlovable; and the eyes were large and strange and melancholy. This poor lady rose, and with a gentle courtesy regarded her visitor, and said:

"I beg your pardon; I did not hear you come into the room."

What a strange voice—hollow and distant; and it was clear that she was looking at this new comer only with a vague, half-pleased curiosity, not with any natural wonder at such an intrusion. Yolande could not speak. She forgot all that she had meant to say. Her heart seemed to be choking her.

"Mother," she managed to say at length, "you do not know, then, that I am your daughter."

"My Yolande?" she said—and she retreated a step, as if in fear. "You are not my Yolande—you?"

She regarded her apparently with some strange kind of dread—as if she were an apparition. There was no wonder, or joy, or sudden impulse of affection.

"You—you cannot be my Yolande—my daughter?"

"But indeed I am, mother," said the girl, with the tears running down her face in spite of herself. "Ah, it is cruel that I should come to you as a stranger—that you should have no word of kindness for me. But no matter. We shall soon make up for all these years. Mother, I have come to take you away. You must no longer be here, alone. You will come with me, will you not?"

The pale, emaciated, hollow-voiced woman came nearer now, and took Yolande's hand, and regarded her with a kind of vague, pleased curiosity and kindness.

"And you are really my Yolande, then? How tall you are; and beautiful, too—like an angel. When I have thought of you, it was not like this. What beautiful, beautiful hair; and so straight you have grown; and tall! So they have sent you to me at last. But it is too late now—too late."

"No, no, mother, it is not too late! You will come away with me, will you not—now—at once?"

The other shook her head sadly; and yet it was obvious that she was taking more and more interest in her daughter—regarding her from top to toe, admiring her dress even, and all the time holding her hand.

"Oh, no, I cannot go away with you," she said. "It is not for you to be hampered with one like me. I am content. I am at peace here. I am quite happy here. You are young, rich, beautiful; you will have a beautiful life; everything beautiful round you. It is so strange to look at you! And who sent you? The lawyers, I suppose. What do they want now? Why do they not let me alone?"

She let the girl's hand fall, and turned away dejectedly, and sank down into the easy-chair again, with a sigh. But Yolande was mistress of herself now. She went forward, put her hand upon her mother's shoulder, and said firmly:

"Mother, I will not allow you to remain here. It is not a fit place for you. I have come to take you away myself; the lawyers have not sent me; they want nothing. Dear mother, do make up your mind to come away with me—now!"

Her entreaty was urgent; for she could hear distinctly that there were some "high words" being bandied in the lobby; and she wished to get her mother away without any unseemly squabble.

"Do, mother! Everything is ready. You and I will go away together to Worthing; and the sea air and the country drives will soon make you well again. I have got everything prepared for you—pretty rooms fronting the sea; and a balcony where you can sit and read; and I have a pony-carriage to take you for drives through the lanes. Ah, now, to think it is your own daughter who is asking you! You cannot refuse! You cannot refuse!"

She had risen again, and taken Yolande's hand; but her look was hesitating, bewildered.

"I beg your pardon, young lady," said she, with studied deference, "but I want to know what this means."

Yolande turned, with flashing eyes.

"Leave the room!"

For a second the woman was cowed by her manner; but the next moment she had bridled up again.

"Leave the room, indeed! Leave the room—in my own house! Not until I'm paid. And what's more, the poor dear lady isn't going to be taken away against her will. She knows who her friends are. She knows who have looked after her and nursed her. She shan't be forced away from the house against her will, I warrant you."

"Leave the room this instant, or I will send for a policeman!" Yolande said; and she had drawn herself up to her full height; for her mother, poor creature, was timidly shrinking behind her.

"A policeman! Hoity-toity!" said the other, with her little black eyes sparkling. "You'd better have no policemen in here. It's not them that are robbing a poor woman that should call for a policeman. But you haven't taken her with you yet; and what's more, she shan't move an inch out of this house until every farthing that's owing to us is paid—that she shan't. We're not going to be robbed, so long as there's the law. Not till every farthing is paid, I warrant you!—so perhaps you'll let the poor dear lady alone, and leave her in the care of them that she knows to be her friends. A policeman, indeed! Not one step shall she budge until every farthing of her debt is paid!"

Now for the moment Yolande was completely disconcerted. It was a point she had not foreseen; it was a point, therefore, on which she had asked no counsel. She had been assured by Mr. Lang that she had nothing to fear in taking away her mother from this house—that she was acting strictly within her legal rights. But how about this question of debt? Could they really detain her? Outwardly, however, she showed no symptom of this sudden doubt. She said to the woman with perfect calmness—

"Your impertinence will be of little use to you. My mother is going with me; I am her guardian; if you interfere with me, it will be at your own peril. If my mother owes you anything, it will be paid."

"How am I to know that? Here she is, and here she shall remain, until every farthing is paid. We are not going to be robbed in that way!"

"I tell you that whatever is owing to you will be paid," said Yolande. "You need not pretend that you have any fear of being robbed; you know you will be paid. And now I wish you to tell me where my mother's things are. Which is her bed-room?"

"I'll show you whether you can ride the high horse over me!" said the woman, with her eyes glittering with anger. "I'll go and fetch my husband—that I will." And the next second she had left the room and the house too—running out into the night bareheaded.

"Now, mother," said Yolande, quickly, "now is our chance! Where are you things? Oh, you must not think of packing anything; we will send for what you want to-morrow. But do you really owe these people anything?"

"I don't know," said her mother, who seemed to have been terrified by this threat on the part of the woman.

"Well, then, where is your hat?—where is your shawl? Where is your room?"

Almost mechanically she opened the folding-doors that formed one side of the apartment, disclosing beyond a bedroom. Yolande preceded her; picked up the things she wanted; and helped her to put them on.

"Come, now, mother; we will get away before they come back. Oh, you need not be afraid. Everything is arranged for you. There is a cab waiting for us outside."

"Who is in it?" said the mother, drawing back with a gesture of fear.

"Why, no one at all!" said Yolande, cheerfully. "But my maid is just outside, in the passage. Come along, mother!"

"Where are we going?"

"To the hotel where I am staying, to be sure! Everything is arranged for you—we are to have supper together—you and I—all by ourselves. Will that please you, mother?"

"Wait for a moment, then."

She went back into the bed-room; and almost instantly reappeared—glancing at Yolande with a quick furtive look that the girl did not understand. She understood after.

"Come, then!"

She took her mother by the hand and led her as if she were a child. In the lobby they encountered Jane; and Jane was angry.

"Another minute, Miss, and I would have turned her out by the shoulders!" she said, savagely.

"Oh, it is all right," said Yolande, briskly. "Everything is quite right! Open the door, Jane, there's a good girl."

They had got out from the house, and were indeed crossing the pavement, when the landlady again made her appearance, coming hurriedly up in the company of a man who looked like (what he was) a butler out of employment, and who was obviously drunk. He began to hector and bully. He interposed himself between them and the cab.

"You aint going away like this! You aint going to rob poor people like this! You come back into the house until we settle this affair."

Now Yolande's only aim was to get clear of the man and to get her mother put into the cab; but he stood in front of her, which ever way she made the attempt; and at last he put his hand on her arm, to force her back to the house. It was an unfortunate thing for him that he did so. There was a sudden crash; the man reeled back, staggered, and then fell like a log on to the pavement; and Yolande, bewildered by the instantaneous nature of the whole occurrence, only knew that something like a black shadow had gone swiftly by. All this appeared to have happened in a moment; and in that same moment here was the policeman in plain clothes, whom she knew by sight.

"What a shame to strike the poor man!" said he, to the landlady, who was on her knees, shrieking, by the side of her husband. "But he aint much hurt, mum. I'll help him indoors, mum. I'm a constable, I am; I wish I knew who done that; I'd have the law agin him."

As he uttered these words of consolation, he regarded the prostrate man with perfect equanimity; and a glance over his shoulder informed him that, in the confusion, Yolande and her mother and the maid had got into the cab and driven off. Then he proceeded to raise the stupefied ex-butler, who certainly had received a "facer"; but who presently came to himself as near as the fumes of rum would allow. Nay, he helped, or rather steadied, the man into the house; and assured the excited landlady that the law would find out who had committed this outrage; but, he refused the offer of a glass of something, on the plea that he was on duty. Then he took down the number of the house in his note-book and left.

As he walked along the street, he was suddenly accosted by the tall, broad-shouldered young man who had disappeared into the narrow entry.

"Why weren't you up in time?" said the latter, angrily.

"Lor, Sir, you was so quick!"

"Is that drunken idiot hurt?"

"Well, Sir, he may 'ave a black eye in the morning—maybe a pair on 'em. But 'taint no matter. He'll think he run agin a lamp-post. He's as drunk as drunk."

"What was the row about?—I couldn't hear a word."

"Why, Sir, they said as the lady owed them something."

"Oh, that was the dodge. However, it's all settled now; very well settled. Let me see, I suppose Lawrence and Lang pay you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, you know, I don't think you did your best. You weren't sharp enough. When you saw that drunken brute seize hold of the young lady's arm, you should have been there—on the spot—on the instant!"

"Lor, Sir, you was so quick!—and the man went over like a ninepin!"

"Well, the affair is satisfactory as it stands," said the younger and taller man; "and I am well satisfied, and so I suppose you don't mind my adding a sovereign to what Lawrence and Lang will give you."

"Thank ye, Sir," said the man, touching his cap.

"Here you are, then. Good-night."

"Good-night, Sir."

Then the younger man walked on to the corner of the street: jumped into the hansom that was still awaiting him there; called through the trap-door to the driver "United Universities, corner of Suffolk-street, Pall-mall," and so was driven off.

That same night Yolande wrote the following letter to her father:—

"My dear Papa,—I wish that I might write this letter in French, for my heart is so full; but I know you would not like it, so I will do my best in English. It is all over and settled; my mother is with me—in this room where I am writing—reading a little, but not so agitated by the events of the day, or rather this evening, that one might expect. It is I who am agitated; please forgive any errors. But, oh, it was the saddest thing ever seen in the world, for a mother to be standing opposite her own daughter, and not caring for her—not knowing her. We were two strangers. But my heart was glad. I had had the apprehension that I should have to overcome emotions; that it might be only duty that would keep me by her side; but no, no, when I saw her face, and her gentle eyes, I said to myself how easy would be the task of loving her as a daughter should. Dear Papa, she is so ill; and also she seems so far away and absorbed and sad. She is only a little interested in me—only a little. But yet I think she is pleased. I have shown her what wardrobe I have with me; and that pleased her a little; but it is I who will have to be the guardian; and buy things for her. She was pleased with my dressing-bag; and to-morrow I am going to buy her the most beautiful one I can get in London. Mr. Lang asked me to burn the three blank cheques you gave me; and I did that; and I am to have money from him; but after the dressing-bag, I hope there will not be much expense; for we shall be living quietly at Worthing; and I know that when you gave Mrs. Graham the expensive piece of broderie at Cairo you will not grudge me that I give my mother a beautiful dressing-bag.

"It has all happened just as Mr. Melville planned; how he could have foreseen so much I cannot tell; perhaps it is that I followed to his instructions as nearly as I could. The people were insolent somewhat; but to me, not to my mother; so that is right. But at the end, when we were coming away, the man seized me, and then I was frightened—he wished me to go back into the house—and then, I know not how, he was struck and fell, perhaps by the policeman it was, but I did not stay to look, I hurried my mother into the cab, and we are here safe and sound. Poor Jane is so angry. She demands to go back to-morrow, to recover some things of my mother's, and also that she wants to 'have it out' with the woman because of the way she spoke to me; but this I will not allow; I shall write to Messrs. Lawrence and Lang to-night to send someone; also to pay whatever is owing.

"She has just come over and stroked my hair, and gone back to her chair again; I think she is a little more affectionate to me now; and oh! I am so anxious to get away to the sea air, that it may wake her out of this lethargy. I know it will; I am sure of it. We have got such cheerful rooms. The address, dear Papa, is Arbutus Villa, —Terrace, Worthing; please give it to Duncan, and tell him to send me each week a brace of grouse, a brace of black game, one or two hares, and any odd ptarmigan or snipe you may get; then I will know that they are good. To-night we had supper together; alas! she ate scarcely anything. I asked if she would have a little wine—no; she seemed to have a horror of it; even to be frightened. She came round the table; and took me by the hand; and begged of me to be always with her. I said was not that what I had come for? She said, with such a strange voice, 'I need help—I need help,' and I answered that now everything was to be reversed, and that I was to be the mother to her, and to take charge of her. Then she cried a little; but I think she was pleased with me; and when I said that I wanted to write a letter, after we had finished, she said she would read until I had written the letter, and then that she wished to hear where I had been, and how I had lived in the Highlands. Perhaps in time I will persuade her to be affectionate to me; on my part, it will not be difficult that I should soon love her; for she is gentle, and to regard her fills one's heart with pity. I had great terror that it might not be so.

"To-morrow, if it is possible, I think we will get away to Worthing; I am anxious to begin my guardianship. Perhaps by a middle-day train; if I have to buy some things for my mother. Or why not there, where we shall have plenty of time? I wish to see her away from the town—in clear, brisk air; then we shall have the long, quiet, beautiful days to become acquainted with each other. It is so strange, is it not, a mother and daughter becoming acquainted with each other? But, since I am her guardian, I must not let her sit up too late; and so good-night, dear, dear Papa, from

"Your affectionate daughter, YOLANDE."

That was naturally the end of the letter; and yet she held it open before her for some time, in hesitation. And then she took her pen and added: "I cannot tell you how glad it would make me if you had time to write a long letter to me about Allt-nam-ba, and all the people there; for one cannot help looking back to the place where one has been happy."

(To be continued.)

The German Vice-Consul at Swansea, Mr. Dahne, has received £133 from the Imperial Government to be distributed among the Mumbles life-boat crew and widows of those who lost their lives in attempting to rescue the crew of the German barque *Admiral Prinz Aldebert*, which was wrecked on the Mumbles Lighthouse rock on Jan. 27. The German Government has also forwarded a medal to Jenkins Jenkins, coxswain of the life-boat; and Miss Jessie Ace, daughter of the light-house-keeper, is the recipient of handsome gold brooch, the gift of the Empress of Germany.

### THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

There seems to be a marked falling off in the exhibition at this gallery. There is less than formerly that is of first-rate quality or interest—whether aesthetic or Philistine, schismatic or orthodox, legitimate or licentious. There are few artists represented that may not be seen to greater advantage at the Royal Academy. Even the eccentricities that made the reputation or notoriety of the gallery at first are disappearing or losing their piquancy with their novelty. Mr. Burne Jones is by no means at his worst, but his followers have either deserted or are hopelessly uninteresting. Not a few amateurs are still allowed to indulge in their pictorial jokes; but, on the other hand, more serious workers are discovering that neither artifices nor affectations will aid or replace sound painting. "The Grosvenor," in short, is in transition. It has done a great service to contemporary English art, if only in the way of challenge; and we should like to see the contents of its noble saloons more select, and of more sterling and exemplary value.

We have space this week to mention only the few following of the principal pictures. Mr. Millais' half-length of the Duchess of Westminster (69), in a simple black satin dress and *fichu*, is one of the artist's best portraits of the year. The air of unconsciousness, and the almost deprecatory expression of the mouth, are rendered with rare refinement. A little girl of four in a great dowdy sun-bonnet and sprigged cotton frock with eyes upturned in awe as she delivers a letter "For the Squire" (60); and a half-length of Master Freeman (77) in white flannel, with his hand on a black poodle's head, are also worthy of the painter. Four sketches at the head of the room by Mr. Watts, intended to illustrate the horses of the Apocalypse, remind us how many grandiose conceptions the artist has failed to carry even so far as these impressive suggestions. A bust of "A Knight" (73) in fluted armour, though dignified and stern, presents the least acceptable peculiarities of the painter's technique. On the other hand, his method is seen at its very best in the portrait study of the Hon. Mary Baring (96), where the subtle mosaic of tender hues in the face—so seemingly confused viewed near, so right at the right distance—is lovely in the extreme. Frank Holl's bust of John Tenniel (170) is disappointing. So also are Mr. Herkomer's portraits, particularly that of Herr Joachim (65); their undeniable skill and power are accompanied by a sense of strain, of forced shadow, of colossal amplification, of exaggerated character. "Words of Comfort" (19), a Bavarian girl reading the Bible to her mother, is, however, a charming small example of the painter. Alma Tadema's busts of Count von Bylandt (2), the Netherlands Minister, and the Duchess of Cleveland (134) are a contrast to the last in their equable tone and almost excessive smoothness; yet, to be candid, the artist is less at home in life-size portraiture than in classic genre.

That very much of what is most distinctive in Mr. Burne Jones's art was derived from Mr. Rossetti is apparent after the exhibition of the elder artist's works. But Mr. Jones's fancy is less limited, if more superficial; and is certainly more nimble and cursive. He has also remained faithful to Boticelli, Mantegna, and the other early Italians; while Rossetti was soon drawn to the sensuous later Venetians. Mr. Jones's large "Wheel of Fortune" (67) shows a colossal female figure clad in iron-grey drapery, turning a huge wheel of golden bronze, on the periphery of which rotate smaller figures, nearly nude, of a poet, a king, and a slave, each trampling in his dream on the other, except the poet, who awakes as he reaches the nadir of oblivion. This jumble of incongruous impossibilities—of mechanics with allegory and emblem—would hardly commend itself for pictorial treatment to a modern rightly-directed imagination; but Mr. Jones might plead the naïve precedents of some of his prototypes. The fickle, heartless goddess looks woebegone; but so do all the artist's figures. We cannot, however, account for the deathly hues of the male figures. Still less can we account for the same moribund tone, with purple lips, in the portrait, otherwise very sweet, of a little boy hard by (83). A row of six female figures emblematical of "The Hours" (184) are in a richer gamut of colour. G. H. Boughton's art is his own, and not to be classified—already a strong presumption in its favour. However, to his customary type of maiden in No. 93, habited as a Druid priestess bearing a lapful of "The Sacred Mistletoe," we prefer, for its quaint homeliness, "The Peace-Maker" (173), a subject drawn from North Holland. The peace-maker is the village pastor, who is remonstrating with a plump vrow (anything but a vixen to look at) for turning her back upon her husband. The husband, sulking in turn, presents in the distance a breadth of trousers not to be matched out of Holland. A few geese are thrown in to point the moral. P. R. Morris has a striking picture (127) of French fisher-girls, in white dresses, returning along the seashore from confirmation, having taken off their white shoes to cross the runlets in the sand. The subject is a pretty one, though it scarcely required so large a canvas; but more remarkable than the sentiment are the grey and primrose tinted sky with its reflections on the sea and wet sand, and the relations of tone between the white dresses and bright sky, the former being greatly lowered in pitch, as seen against the light. Mr. R. Macbeth's "Sheep-shearing" (74)—scene, a barn interior, with two brawny fellows pausing in their labour, girls and children looking on, and two old connoisseurs discussing the quality of the fleece—is as vigorous in colour and execution as anything we have seen by the new Associate.

Here we must pause for the present.

### THE USPENSKI SABOR, MOSCOW.

The Cathedral Church of the Assumption, or "Uspenski Sabor," within the Kremlin precinct at Moscow, is the sacred edifice in which the Emperors of Russia are crowned. It stands in the neighbourhood of two other important ecclesiastical buildings, the Church of St. Michael the Archangel, and the Church of Our Lady of the Cave, or of the Annunciation; the Cathedral Yard is surrounded with a lofty iron railing, and is all regarded as sacred ground. The Cathedral itself, which was built four hundred years ago, is not an imposing architectural structure; but the interior is decorated with profuse gilding; it displays five cupolas, supported by massive pillars, which are gilt, and the walls are adorned with large fresco paintings of Bible history, on a groundwork of gold. Among the chief ornaments of this church is a huge silver chandelier, in the shape of a crown, with forty-eight branches, weighing 3000 lb. of that metal; and there is a model of Mount Sinai, with Moses and the Tables of the Law on the top, all of pure gold, which is of enormous value. A Bible of immense size, with a cover inlaid in gold and jewels, so heavy that two men are required to lift it, is another of the treasures belonging to the Uspenski Sabor. The wooden seat or throne of Vladimir the Great, preserved in a curious shrine of open brass-work fashioned like a tomb, is an object of great veneration, and there is a vast collection of relics, pictures of saints, and memorials of antiquity, belonging either to the early ages of the national monarchy, or to persons whose names are hallowed in the Eastern Church Calendar.



INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION (USPENSKI SABOR) IN THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW,  
WHERE THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA WILL BE CROWNED.



HAIDEE.  
DRAWN BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

## HAIDEE.

The beautiful Grecian of Byron's "Don Juan," daughter of that pirate chieftain, old Lambro, who is described as "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," comes to a sad end in the poet's story; and her fate is narrated with great pathos, contrasting with the intolerable levity and misplaced jocularity that deface the greater part of this extraordinary poem. Haidee's figure and costume, as well as the charms of her face, are somewhat minutely delineated by the author in his account of the banquet at which she and her lover were surprised by the sudden return of the angry father. Our Artist, in the drawing which is engraved for this Number, represents the characteristic type of Levantine womanhood, and the attitude of languishing pensiveness that seems habitual to indolent feminine life in wealthy households of the East. It will be recollected, moreover, that Haidee is stated by Byron to be partly of Greek, partly of Moorish parentage, her mother having belonged to Fez, in Morocco.

## SKETCHES OF TUNIS: GABES.

The Sketches engraved this week are by M. Chevarrier, of the French Consulate at Dover, who formerly resided in a similar official capacity at Gabes, a commercial seaport in the south of Tunis, capital of the province of Arad. The existing town is not of greater antiquity than the fifteenth or sixteenth century, but it stands near the site of the ancient Tacape, a Carthaginian, and subsequently a Roman city; the place was afterwards held, during nearly eight hundred years, by Mussulman Emirs, who maintained their independence against the rulers of Tunis and of Tlemcen. It was at length subdued; and the present city of Gabes, founded at a later period, flourished as the market of a magnificently fertile district, enriched by the growth of 25,000 date-palms, besides orange-trees, citron and other fruit-trees, with henna, and many valuable products, from a soil which is blessed with an unfailing stream of water. Arabic poets have sung of the charming aspect of the oasis of Gabes, as a garden on the verge of the great African desert; the river, as clear as crystal, taking its source from a neighbouring marsh, flows only five or six miles through a beautiful vale, lying between the sand-hills, nourishing the luxuriant groves shown in our view from the sea. The town of Gabes, three miles inland, has a delightful situation, compared to Paradise by the old Arab writers, but has suffered greatly from the squalid neglect commonly to be observed in Mussulman towns at the present day; the houses are mean and shabby, few of them above one storey high; and the mosque, with its minaret, is the only conspicuous architectural feature. The Governor's house, which is shown in another Sketch, stands close to the sea at the mouth of the river of Gabes, which here forms a little harbour for small vessels of five or six tons burden, coming from Sfax with European merchandise for sale among the neighbouring tribes, and returning with cargoes of esparto grass, used in the paper manufacture. The Mussulman religious college of Sidi Boulbaba, near the ruins of Tacape, is a privileged sanctuary held in great veneration. It is the refuge of many persons accused of crime, but they are sometimes obliged to swear to their innocence upon a Koran preserved at this holy shrine; and guilty men have been fain to confess the fact when they came within sight of it. The other Sketch is that of the Marabout tomb of Sidi Bechar, composed of ancient sculptured stones and columns of the Roman period, but now in a ruinous condition.

## OXFORD CATHEDRAL.

Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, was originally the church of St. Frideswide's Priory, which has been superseded by Christ Church College. Frideswide was a noble Saxon lady of the eighth century, who formed a convent, with twelve of her maiden companions, and whom Algar, the heathen King of Mercia, having in vain demanded her hand in marriage of her father Didan, attempted to capture by force; he was defeated in battle, and was miraculously stricken blind. The Priory, however, was one of monks, taking the place of the original nuns; and they built this church, which is of small dimensions for a Cathedral, but consists of Norman and Gothic architectural work, from the middle of the twelfth to the fourteenth or fifteenth century. In 1522, when the monastery was suppressed by King Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey obtained a grant of it for the foundation of his Oxford College, "Cardinal College" as he meant to call it. After the attainder of Wolsey, King Henry went on with the establishment of the College at Oxford University, but to this he attached the newly created Bishopric of Oxford, which he removed from Osney Abbey. One of the Bishops, Dr. Fell, in the reign of Charles II., was permitted to hold the Deanery of Christ Church along with the Episcopal See; and the better part of the Christ Church College buildings are due to him and to his father, who was Dean before him. As for the Cathedral, it has rather been sacrificed to the College; the west front, with much of the nave, was destroyed by Wolsey; and the only good exterior view is now obtained from one of the Canons' gardens. The nave, choir, central tower, and transepts, as far as the roofs, are of late Norman architecture, erected probably by Canutus, the second Prior; the Lady Chapel is Early English, as well as part of the nave aisles and the choir aisles; the north, or "Latin," Chapel is decorated Gothic; and the groined roofs are of the Tudor style. The interior of the Chapter-house is a fine example of Early English, with graceful arcades upheld by slender clustered shafts. There is a portion of the cloisters yet remaining, and the old refectory; but St. Frideswide's Priory has been effectually smothered, while Oxford Cathedral makes but a secondary figure, as an adjunct to the stateliest College in the University of Oxford.

Mr. Douglas Close Richmond, who has long been one of the secretaries of the Charity Commission for England and Wales, has been appointed a paid Charity Commissioner, in the room of Lord Colchester, who has resigned.

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## CHESS.

[The Problem and Answers to Correspondents are unavoidably postponed.]

## THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

The Victoria Hall at the Criterion Restaurant, gaily decorated with the flags of all the great nations for the occasion, presented a memorable picture on the morning of the 26th ult. Assembled there were the most celebrated masters of our "wild mathematics" prepared to wage mimic war against each other on the chequered board for the largest prizes ever before offered in a chess tournament, and a crowd of the lesser lights of the chess world were also there to witness the contest. The competitors are fourteen in number—Messrs. Blackburne, Bird, Mason, Mortimer, Skipworth, Steinitz, and Zukertort, being permanent residents in this country, while the Continentals of Europe and America are represented by Messrs. Rosenthal (Paris), Englisch (Vienna), Noa (Hungary), Winawer (Warsaw), Tschigorin (St. Petersburg), Mackenzie (New York), and Selman (Philadelphia). Punctually at twelve o'clock Mr. Rosenthal, the "director of play" marshalled his forces, and the competitors assumed the places assigned to them within a circle, roped about to separate them from the spectators. The pairing in the first round was then observed to be as follows, the first-named of each pair having the move:—Tschigorin v. Zukertort, Rosenthal v. Bird, Blackburne v. Selman, Steinitz v. Winawer, Mason v. Mackenzie, Noa v. Englisch, Skipworth v. Mortimer. The most interesting game in this round was that between Messrs. Tschigorin and Zukertort. It was quickly developed on both sides, neither player consuming the full time allotted to him; it was the first game won in the tourney, and it was played by Dr. Zukertort in his usual brilliant style.

The next game in point of interest, not only as regards its merit, but also in the personality of the players, was that between Messrs. Steinitz and Winawer. The former opened with the gambit that bears his name, and won a well-fought game, after some six hours' play.

The games between Rosenthal and Bird, and Blackburne and Selman were, respectively, drawn. Mason defeated Mackenzie in a finely manœuvred but rather dull game, extending over fifty-two moves; Englisch beat Noa, and Skipworth won an English opening (1. P to Q B 4th) against Mortimer. Let us here pay our peppercorn of praise to the last-named amateurs for the pluck and spirit displayed by them in entering the Masters' tourney. Neither of them, we believe, is incited by the hope of gaining prizes, but they cannot fail to gain the respect of the chess world. The following is the result of the first day's play:—

Blackburne ... dr Selman ... dr Rosenthal ... dr Bird ... dr Mason ... 1 Mackenzie ... 0 Skipworth ... 1 Mortimer ... 0 Noa ... 0 Englisch ... 1 Steinitz ... 1 Winawer ... 0 Tschigorin ... 0 Zukertort ... 1

There was no abatement of public interest on the second day of the tournament, the spectators being as numerous as on the day of opening. Among the distinguished visitors were Mr. Benjamin, Q.C., and Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., both of them skilful chessplayers, when the Westminster Chess Club flourished in Robert-street, Adelphi. The pairing in the second round was as follows:—Mason v. Skipworth, Blackburne v. Mackenzie, Noa v. Tschigorin, Selman v. Rosenthal, Steinitz v. Englisch, Bird v. Winawer. Only three won games were added to the score sheet on this day—the rest being drawn. Mason won a Giuoco Piano v. Skipworth, the latter falling into a fatal error, which left a forced mate open, on the twenty-ninth move; Zukertort defeated Mortimer rather easily, and Englisch successfully resisted the Steinitz gambit and its renowned inventor. This game was played as follows:—

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. E.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. P to K B 4th P takes P  
4. P to Q 4th Q to R 5th (ch)  
5. K to K 2nd P to Q 4th  
6. P takes P Q to K 2nd (ch)  
7. K to B 2nd Q to R 5th (ch)  
8. P to K 3rd

If White had played 8. K to K 2nd, Black would have checked with 9. Q to K 2nd, and 10. Q to R 5th, &c., drawing, which, as second player, he would have been justified in doing, by perpetual check.

9. P takes P (ch)  
9. K to Kt 2nd

The game was prolonged many more moves, but Black lost no time of the advantage he now holds, and eventually White resigned. Of the drawn games, the most interesting was that between Messrs. Blackburne and Mackenzie, in which there occurred a series of highly critical positions, which must have sorely tried the skill, caution, and fertility of resource for which these players are renowned. Hard upon the closing hour (11 p.m.) the game was drawn by Mr. Blackburne giving perpetual check.

The drawn games in this round were played off on Saturday, when Mackenzie, after eight and a half hours' play, defeated Blackburne; Selman won of Rosenthal; Tschigorin won of Noa; and Bird beat Winawer.

The result of the second round is therefore as follows:—

Blackburne ... 0 Mackenzie ... 1 Mortimer ... 0 Zukertort ... 1 Bird ... 1 Winawer ... 0 Noa ... 0 Tschigorin ... 1 Mason ... 1 Skipworth ... 0 Selman ... 1 Rosenthal ... 0 Steinitz ... 0 Englisch ... 1

The game which decided the draw between Mackenzie and Blackburne was very stubbornly contested. The position at the end will be found interesting: it is as follows:—

White (M.)—K at Q 5th, R at Q Kt 8th, B at Q B 5th, Pawns at K B 4th, K Kt 5th, Q 6th and Q Kt 4th. (Seven pieces.)  
Black (B.)—K at K B square, R at Q 2nd, B at K square, Pawns at K R 2nd, K Kt 3rd, and K Kt 4th. (Six pieces.)

It was White's move, and he played K to K 6th, when, as he is absolutely without resource, Black resigned.

The third round was played on Monday, and was marked by several noteworthy incidents, the first in importance being the second defeat of Steinitz and his gambit by the young Russian player, Tschigorin. As much interest attaches to this peculiar form of the Vienna Opening, we append the moves of the game referred to:—

(Steinitz Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. T.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. P to K B 4th P takes P  
4. P to Q 4th Q to R 5th (ch)  
5. K to K 2nd P to Q 4th  
6. P takes P Q to K 2nd (ch)  
7. K to B 2nd Q to R 5th (ch)  
8. P to K 3rd P takes P (ch)  
9. K to Kt 2nd B to Q 3rd

In the game given above White at this point played 10. P takes Kt. The move in the text is unquestionably stronger.

10. P takes Kt Q Kt to K 2nd  
11. P takes P Q takes Q P  
12. R to R 4th Q to B 3rd  
13. K to K 4th Q to K 3rd  
14. B to Q 3rd B to K 4th  
15. K takes B P takes Kt

In the game given above White at this point played 10. P takes Kt. The move in the text is unquestionably stronger.

16. B to Kt 5th (ch) K to B 5th  
17. P to Q 4th

The Bishop is now out of play, and from this point White's game goes steadily to the bad.

17. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd  
18. Kt to K B 3rd B to Kt 5th  
19. Kt to Q 4th Kt to K B 4th  
20. K takes Kt Q takes Kt  
21. B to B 4th P to Kt 4th  
22. B takes Q P (ch) K to Kt 2nd  
23. R takes B Kt takes B  
24. K to B 3rd (ch) P to K B 3rd  
25. K to B K 5th (ch) Q to K 5th (ch)

26. K to Kt sq Q to K 7th  
27. R to B 3rd K to K sq  
28. B takes R R takes B  
29. B to B 5th Q to R 7th (ch)

Black mates in two moves.

In the game between Bird and Englisch, the former had a decisive advantage in force and position when it was snatched from him by a remarkably old-fashioned coup, producing a well-known stalemate. The following is the position:—

White (B.)—K at K R 2nd, R's at K 6th and Q R 7th, Kt at K Kt 4th, Pawns at K Kt 2nd and 3rd. (Six pieces.)

Black (E.)—K at K R sq, R's at K B sq and K Kt 4th, Kt at K sq, Pawn at K B 3rd. (Five pieces.)

It was White's move, and the game proceeded thus:—R takes Kt, R to R 4th (ch); K to Kt sq, R takes R; Kt takes R, R to R 8th (ch); K takes R, and Black is stalemated.

The best-contested game in this round was that between Messrs. Mason and Zukertort, which, after many variations of fortune, was finally won by the latter, after nearly nine hours' play. Mr. Skipworth fought a good battle against Mackenzie, but eventually struck his colours; Blackburne drew against Rosenthal, Winawer beat Selman, and Noa beat Mortimer. The following is the result of the day's play:—

Bird ..... dr Englisch ..... dr Mortimer ..... 0 Noa ..... 1  
Mason ..... 0 Zukertort ..... 1 Rosenthal ..... dr Blackburne ..... dr  
Mackenzie ..... 1 Skipworth ..... 0 Steinitz ..... 0 Tschigorin ..... 0  
Winawer ..... 1 Selman ..... 0

We go to press too early in the week to carry our narrative of the grand tourney beyond this point, but shall resume it next week.

The Vizayanagaram or minor tourney is making rapid progress, many of the competitors playing day and evening. The following was the score on Tuesday evening:—

	Won	Lost	Won	Lost			
Bardeleben	...	2	0	Lord	...	2	3
Benema	...	2	2	Macdonnell	...	3	1
Dudley	...	0	5	Minchin	...	1	4
Ensor	...	1	4	Mundell	...	1	0
Fisher	...	5	1	Newham	...	1	5
Feboret	...	2	0	Pilkington	...	0	5
Gattie	...	4	2	Piper	...	2	0
Gunsherg	...	1	0	Rolson	...	0	2
Gossip	...	1	0	Rosenthal	...	4	0
Huner	...	1	2	Ranken	...	4	12
Lambert	...	7	0	Vansittart	...	0	12
Lee	...	1	1	Vyse	...	2	0
Lindsay	...	3	1	West	...	3	4

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 1), with two codicils (dated Dec. 5 and 10, 1882), of Mr. Selim Bustros, formerly of Beyrouth, Syria, and late of No. 44, Queen's-gate, and of No. 33, Clifton-crescent, Folkestone, merchant, who died on Feb. 3 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Selim de Nauphal, Paul Gadban, Peter Williams, and Habib George Bustros, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £380,000. The testator directs that his wife is to have the use of either or both of his residences in England, and of his former residence at Beyrouth, with the furniture, pictures, plate, and effects, and he gives her legacies both pecuniary and specific, and makes provision for her for life; and there are many bequests to his relations, executors, servants, and others. He also bequeaths £500 to be distributed by his wife and his sister, Caroline Dehan, among the poor of the Communities of Beyrouth; £50 to the Nuns of the orthodox Convent of Saidanai, near Damascus; £500 to L'Asile de la Maternité, under the presidency of the Prince of Aldenbourg, of which he was a member; and £200 to the Chapter of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, in London. The residue of all his property is to be divided between his children, the daughter's shares to be two thirds of that of his sons. The testator humbly beseeches his August Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias to grant his protection to his wife and children, his eldest son having the great honour of being a godson of the late Emperor, Alexander II., and his second having the great honour of being a godson of the present Emperor.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1881) of Mr. Henry Shersby, of Haricesher House, Woolwich, who died on Jan. 4 last, has been proved by the Rev. Joseph Jordan John Eagleton, Major William Edward Despard, John Reid Clark, and William John Dyer, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £66,000. The testator devises 143 freehold houses at Woolwich to the use of his nephew Lieutenant Thomas Harvie Shersby Robertson, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail male; and 122 freehold houses, also at Woolwich, to the use of his nephew the Rev. Robert Shersby Harvie Robertson, jun., for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail male; both these gentlemen are to adopt the surname of Shers



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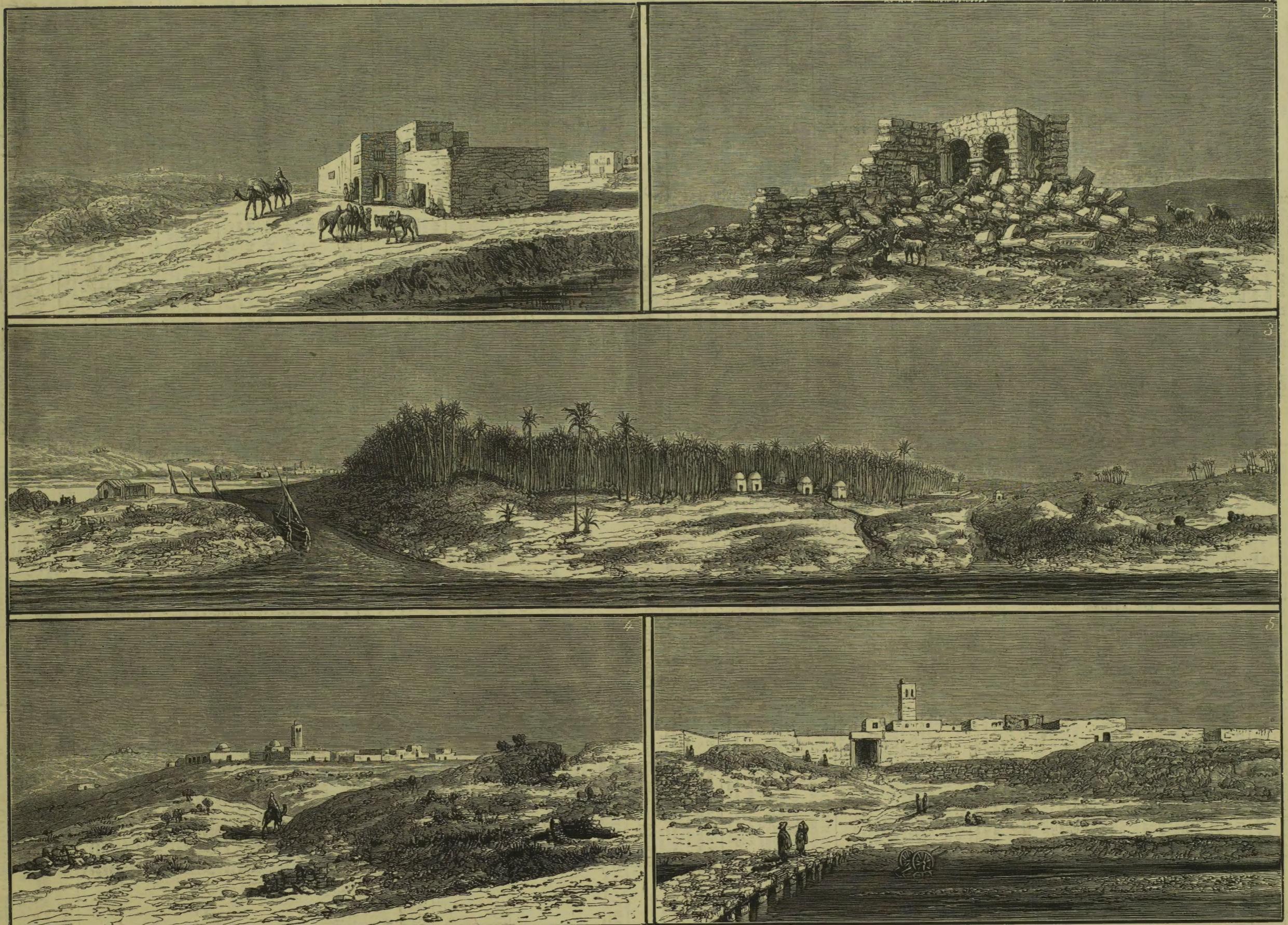
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5. Entrance to Gafsa by the Tun's Gate.